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DAVID LEE CHILD, Editor.

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H. M. HENRY, PRINTER.

Selections.

From the Boston Christian World.

THE DEDHAM ANTI-SLAVERY PICKNICK.—AUGUST 1, 1843.

The cars, containing a hilarious company, started from the Providence depot about 9 o'clock, having been detained somewhat beyond the appointed hour, by the non-arrival of the delegations from Salem and Lynn. These, however, did arrive, of course, and the train proceeded to Dedham, which it reached about a quarter before 10 o'clock. The company then proceeded to the town house, where the procession was formed in excellent order, under the auspices of Dr. Henry L. Bowditch, the chief marshal of the occasion. The music, contributed by twelve young gentlemen of Dedham, of the ages of from eleven to fourteen, apparently, was of the most exhilarating character, the juvenile performers evidently putting their whole hearts into the business before them. The march of the procession through the quiet and pleasant streets of the village, was delightful; and the enthusiasm of those who composed it had reached the highest pitch by the time they arrived at the grove, so that when the chief marshal proposed three cheers for William Lloyd Garrison, after the company were seated, they generously gave three times three, and would doubtless have given twice as many more, with the greatest cheerfulness, if any gentleman would have taken the responsibility of inviting them to do so.

The arrangements were of the most convenient character; the platform for the speakers being placed in front of a beautiful natural amphitheatre, in the densest part of the grove, and seats rising one above another having been provided, capable of accommodating all present, who were in number from three to four hundred.

The banners which had been carried in the procession were then tastefully disposed at the rear of the platform, and among the adjacent trees. Their bearings and inscriptions were as follows:

Order of the Banners, with their inscriptions, &c.

1. "God himself is with us for our captain; 2 Chronicles, xiii. 12." Borne by Francis Jackson, president of the day, supported by William Bassett, and J. T. Hilton, vice-presidents.

2. "Immediate Emancipation the duty of the master, and the right of the slave. *Fiat Justitia, ruat cælum.*"

3. "This is the Lord's doing!" Figure of an emancipated slave, in the attitude of triumph, treading the whip under his feet, with his chains falling off. "Slavery abolished in the British West Indies, August 1st, 1834. *Laus Deo!*"

4. Portrait of George Thompson, advocate of West India emancipation, with the following inscription:

"*Here*, as on Britain's cliffs sublime,
Freedom's charged prophet late hath trod,
And cried to *our* dark coasts of crime,
The LORD alone—the Lord is GOD!

"And instant let the chains be riven,
From off each Ethiop's swarthy limb,
And songs arise from earth to heaven,
The glorious exodus to hymn."

5. "Shall a republic, which could not bear the bonds of a king, cradle a bondage which a king has abolished?" Words of the late Dr. Follen; the banner borne by his son.

6. "The Liberator; commenced January 1st, 1831." The initials W. L. G. inclosed in a chaplet of oak leaves. "I am in earnest! I will not equivocate! I will not excuse! I will not retreat a single inch! And I will be heard!" Words of Garrison, in the first number of the Liberator. The banner was borne by J. B. Yerrington, printer of the paper, supported by the compositors.

7. Painting by Pratt. The Emancipated Slave, wreathed with evergreens.

8. "Great is Truth! Great is Liberty! Great is Humanity! and they must and will prevail." Words of John Adams.

9. Figure of a Liberty Cap. "God never made a tyrant nor a slave."

10. "Our fanaticism. All men are created equal. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

11. "The Almighty has no attribute that can take sides with the slaveholder." Words of Jefferson.

12. "The Union: We will yield everything to it, but Truth, Honor, and Liberty: these we will never yield." Words of Channing.

13. Figure of a Liberty Bell. "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof."

14. "Our trust for victory is solely in God. WE may be defeated, but our PRINCIPLES never."

The banner of the Lynn delegation was surmounted with a last, and bore the words, "To the LAST we'll fight for LIBERTY, in the OLD TOWN of LYNN."

The company having all taken their seats, the following hymn, composed for the occasion by the Rev. John Pierpont, was sung with excellent effect by the Misses Fuller, and Mr. James Richardson:

Thy voice, O God! is on the air,
As it stirs the leaves of every tree,
That stands around us, while at prayer,
For the negro captive's liberty.
That's well! That's well!
For, louder is thy voice, O God,
Than the voice of all, who ply the rod.

Thy hand, O God, hath raised the grove
That, above us, lifts its leafy shield,
While, in our armor—truth and love—
We are here, on Freedom's battle-field,
That's well! That's well!
For, stronger is thy hand, O God,
Than the hand of all, who ply the rod.

Thy smile, O God, is in the light,
That around us shines, from all the sky,
When, or at noontide, or at night,
To the slave we speak of liberty.
That's well! That's well!
For, brighter is thy smile, O God,
Than the smile of all, who ply the rod.

Thy word, O God, "Well done! Well done!"
Is forever heard, nor heard in vain,
When MAN casts off, and tramples on,
His iron yoke, and broken chain.
That's well! That's well!
For, mightier is thy word, O God,
Than the word of all, who ply the rod.

Thy frown, O God, on him doth rest,
Who returneth, bound, the hunted thrall;
Though in a robe of ermine drest,
And the highest in a judgment hall.
That's well! All well!
Though darker is thy frown, O God,
Than the hue of all who *feel* the rod,

Appropriate selections from the scriptures were then read by Oliver Johnson, and another song,—"Sweet Freedom," was contributed by the same accomplished vocalists, and received like the former, with gratified applause by the audience.

A prayer was then offered, by the Rev. Mr. Allen, of Northboro'; after which, the following hymn, composed by James Russell Lowell, esq. was sung, and received with enthusiasm:

Men! whose boast it is, that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?
If ye do not feel the chain,
When it works a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slaves, indeed—
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

Women! who shall one day bear
Sons to breathe New England air,
If ye hear, without a blush,
Deeds to make the roused blood rush,
Like red lava, through your veins,
For your sisters now in chains;
Answer! are ye fit to be
Mothers of the brave and free?

Is true Freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And with leathern hearts forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true Freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand to be
Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves, who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves, who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than, in silence, shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves, who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

Francis Jackson, the president of the day, then requested Oliver Johnson, the chairman of the committee of arrangements, who, as the president remarked, had taken the laboring oar and borne the burden and heat of the day—to explain the objects of the meeting.

In compliance with this request, Mr. Johnson came forward upon the platform, and said, that he had only one word to say in order to prevent misapprehension. Those whose names had been put forward on the occasion of this meeting, were, it was true, committed as abolitionists, in the fullest and strongest sense of the word; but still they had desired to avoid everything of a party character in this celebration. They had aimed to build a broad platform, on which all who were in favor of liberty, and against slavery, might stand, without danger of being involved in responsibility for anything which they did not approve. The committee had invited several gentlemen, whom they knew, to address the meeting, merely to insure speaking, and not at all with the design of requiring them to speak all the time. The platform this day was free to all; and the committee hoped that all who wished would come forward on their own responsibility, and speak as God should give them utterance.

The Rev. John Pierpont was then introduced by the president, and greeted with applause by the assembly.

Mr. Pierpont said he thanked the meeting for their applause, and was glad they had bestowed it in advance, for so he *was sure he had got it*. It seemed a pity, indeed, to interrupt such singing as they had enjoyed, with anybody's talking. The last hymn had expressed everything which any one could wish to have said on such an occasion. A better speech could not be made—certainly not *sung*. Let his name who made it live! And his name would live. The name of the man who made that song could not die. Was there a heart there that did not respond to every word of it, especially to the verse beginning, "They are slaves who fear to speak?" (Mr. P. here repeated the whole verse, with great enthusiasm.) Such sentiments as those were just fit to be brought there on such an occasion—they were replete with truth and righteousness. One might well afford to pay any price to feel as that song made them feel. They were in a temple, too, which best suited the true worship they had convened to render—the most noble and sublime which could be found—far nobler than the noblest of the works of man—a temple of Nature's own erection. They had convened to celebrate a great and glorious event in the history of mankind. Thank God! the chains had been struck off from eight hundred thousand human beings—from a population eight times greater than the whole population of Boston—greater, indeed, than the whole population of the commonwealth of Massachusetts.—This took place on the first of August, five years before; and was not this an event to thank God for! Eight hundred thousand human beings made free by the power of the feeling of right!—by the power of the glorious gospel of the blessed God! And yet they were told that those who were appointed to preach that gospel, must not say anything of slavery! The event which they had met to commemorate, was the result of the labors of Granville Sharpe, of Wilberforce, and of Clarkson—men little thought of in their day, because they were the advocates of a then unpopular and despised scheme. But yet, their names had now become illustrious, and their efforts had illustrated the age in which they lived, and the nation to which they belonged.

Mr. Pierpont then entered, at length, into the subject of the advantages derived by all classes in the British islands, from the emancipation of the Africans, and read from the most authentic sources, the most gratifying statements of the blessings which have ensued from that great event.

When he had concluded, the president introduced the Rev. Caleb Stetson, who was received with a burst of that peculiarly hearty and good-natured applause which always greets his appearance before any auditory.

Mr. Stetson spoke in substance as follows: Mr. President, Gentlemen and Ladies—I ought not to apologize for appearing before you, for I have been requested to do so; but I ought to apologize for not having availed myself of the notice which was given me beforehand, to prepare the address which I am to deliver; for having trusted that I should be able to pick up my case when it should come on for trial. But the cause which has brought us here, ought certainly to be sufficient to inspire a man who is seldom inspired. Much as we are interested in the success of the grand experiment of human freedom, which we have met to-day to rejoice in, it is highly gratifying to have had shown to us the authentic documentary evidence which has just been adduced, to prove that freedom is working better than slavery, where both have been tried. In addition to this, I will give you some testimony to the same point, which I have had the good fortune to obtain from a gentleman whom I met a short time ago, Dr. Spalding, of Jamaica, who was in Boston on his return from England to his residence in Jamaica. He had been to England to procure some relief for the planters, in addition to the twenty millions already given to them by the British government. I asked him what the difficulty was which they wished to be relieved from. He said it was simply this: that they could not get laborers to get in their crops, and he had been endeavoring to procure the adoption of some measures for the relief of the landholders. This gentleman was highly intelligent, and perfectly qualified by a long residence in the island, and by his deep interest in everything which concerned its prosperity; for he held an immense amount of property there, from which it was said that he derived a yearly income of one hundred thousand dollars—perfectly qualified to judge of the operation of the new system. He appeared to be also a high-minded and noble spirited man; a truly noble man; and nature had made him of physical proportions, too, calculated to give a fitting grace to the intellectual and moral attributes I have mentioned. I said to this gentleman, when I first saw him, "Well, I suppose your emancipated negroes are filling the land with riot and licentiousness—not that I believed this, by any means—but I was willing to avail myself of this opportunity of gaining the best information, to draw him out as I best could; to *pump him* a little. "Not at all, not at all," he replied to my question. "The negroes are willing enough to work, but they have land of their own—from five to ten acres apiece, perhaps—and they are raising produce for their own families, and at busy seasons, when we want more working hands, we cannot get them. No people could behave better; I have not a word of complaint to make against them. But they are fond of good housekeeping, and like to be at work on their own grounds, raising such products as they want for their own families, and they will not always come and work for us. They are always willing to work for wages, though, when they cannot do better at home. These blacks want a great many things, too," said he; and pointing, with a smile of satisfaction, to an elegant coat made by Stultz, of London, which adorned his ample person, he added, "Now, when I get home, and my black neighbors see this coat, they will want one just like it." And it is true, they do want a great many things, and as they advance in civilization, they will continually want more and more. They are now relieved from the oppression which has crushed them to the earth for so many generations, and are rising rapidly to the condition of civilized men. But there are many customs which prevail among civilized men, which I trust the laboring population of Jamaica will never imitate.

The correspondence which has been read by my brother who preceded me, attests the progress of the whole population of these islands, in virtue and happiness. The experiment of liberating the colored population, it seems, is working well. Certainly it is working well for those who are liberated from bondage. How could it be otherwise? And for those who have liberated them, it seems it is working well, also. There is only heard on their side a temporary demand for labor. And what better indication of the prosperity of a country can be given, than this same demand for labor? I see among you who hear me, many who look as if you could labor well, and to good purpose, with your hands and arms; and I ask you—you who labor—which you would consider the greatest indication of prosperity, a hundred laborers standing idle, waiting to be employed, or a hundred men competing for the labor of ten? This is enough to overthrow the arguments of our adversaries. The abolition of any sin must work well. Ceasing to do any wrong must work well, as long as there is a God in heaven. Suppose a man has been engaged in petty thieving all his life, and you ask him to give it up. And suppose he says, "I cannot afford to give it up. My interest will suffer materially if I do. I depend greatly upon theft for my support." "What then!" you will say. "Is it not still better to be an honest man, even if you do lose some money by it?" Certainly it is best—certainly it is for any man's interest to do right; and it will be, as long as there is a God in heaven, and as long as he has made moral beings to apprehend right and the doing right, as their chief good. Suppose the whole black and white population of Jamaica had been swept from the face of the earth by means of this emancipation. That would be a matter of deep grief, indeed. But would it be as deplorable as that one half of the population should be obliged—unhappy men!—to draw their subsistence from the earth by driving unhappy laborers to till it for them? Is not that a more dreadful picture, than the entire depopulation of the island? I believe, as I believe I live, that the least wrong is worse than the greatest suffering. In the words of Channing, "Suppose there should be less of cotton and sugar in consequence of emancipation—what, then? Sugar and cotton are not the chief end of man." Let man be free—free from all causes of evil out of himself—that he may be able to free himself from those numerous causes of evil that spring up in his own being.

This emancipation in the West Indies is, I firmly believe, only the prelude of new and greater emancipation, which shall go on till slavery shall be unknown in the whole earth. I believe this, because I believe in God, "who has made of one blood all the nations of the earth," and in Jesus Christ, who first announced to mankind the truth that God is our Father, who will eventually gather us all into one fold, as his children. Christ, when he announced this, had, I believe, distinctly in view, the coming of the kingdom of Love. He had already begun to see its fore-splendors—to see the star of Hope rising towards the zenith, and all other forces receding before the power of Love. Love is indeed omnipotent; but to be truly omnipotent, it must be omnipresent. God is love. This is the highest and truest expression of the divine character of which human speech is capable. And will such a Being suffer one portion of his children to do their souls such wrong, as to live by oppressing another portion? Will he suffer his image to be crushed out of these by such oppression? Before I believe this, I must renounce my belief in my religion. I cannot stand in a temple like this, without believing in a living and everpresent God—without believing that he is shining on us in this glorious sun—breathing on us in this warm wind, and smiling on us in the beautiful objects which surround us. I believe that God will not let me be crushed by oppression. And he who crushes one of these, does it to me. If we sympathize with Christ, we must say with him to the slaveholder, "Inasmuch as you have cramped the mind, and tried to kill the soul, of the least of my brethren, you have done it to me." I do believe that slavery is worse than a thousand deaths, if a man could die so many. Yet I would rather be the crushed and whip-galled slave, than be the man who says he owns him. I pity the slaveholder more than the slave. The slaveholder, also, is our brother. Shall we say that because he is guilty of a great sin, therefore he is not our brother? By no means. We beg of him to let go the chain for his own soul's sake, for the peace of his own soul, and of the souls of his family. We beg of him to renounce all the present temporal advantages that may result from holding human beings in bondage; from living a lie, and calling property what cannot in the nature of things and men be property. If the laws of the State in which he resides will not allow him to liberate his slaves, he may *run away*. He may say to his slaves, "You may labor for me, and I will pay you for your labor; or you may go away, and I will never seek you." It is vain to say, where a wrong relation exists, that it cannot be set right. As I said before, love is omnipotent. Let no expression but of love be uttered when we speak of the slaveholder; and let our expressions not only *be* those of love, but *seem* so.—Let us avoid everything which seems to emanate from an angry spirit, and speak only what seems to come, as well as actually does come, from the spirit of Christian love. We should wish to speak of those who crucified Jesus, with as deep a sympathy, and with more of compassion, than to those who were crucified for their sins by his side. I know many warm and true hearts which are really ardent in your cause; many whose prayers ascend daily and nightly for the emancipation of the slave; many whose hearts are breaking for the wrong and oppression which surround them, who yet are repelled from you by a certain denunciatory spirit, which seems to dictate your expressions when you speak of certain classes of subjects—who entreat you, saying, "Do not repel us any longer." I do not wish to screen the body to which I belong. In our whole association, I do not know a man whose heart is not right on this subject; and yet there is not one among them who is a member of your society.—Only let them speak, and you will find not the societies, but the ministers, eager to come forward to your aid, not yielding in ardor to the most ardent of you, and in a year you will have the whole body among you. I should rejoice to see a liberty so boundless, that every man in the community might do and say just as he pleased. I do not blame those who cannot come to our point of view. I only ask them to give us the same liberty.

Cotton undoubtedly has undue influence in our community. There is a great deal of truth in the statement that we are governed by a cottonocracy. A great many of our clergymen, as one remarked to me lately, receive half their salaires from cotton. Its web extends over and binds nearly our whole society; but it must soon be broken, or if not broken it will be burnt.

Within a year from this time you will probably hear what you do not expect. In the denomination to which I belong, a deep feeling is at work, and its effect will not much longer be hidden. For seventeen years I have felt it a moral duty to speak, as the necessity has arisen for it, and if objection has arisen, to speak all the more, as the necessity has been more evident. My aim has been to speak in love. But at times, when speaking extempore, I have become excited, the thought has filled my soul, and flowed out like lava from Mount Etna, (to compare a small thing with a great one,) and I have lost the sympathy of my hearers, because I was excited and seemed angry. If we read the words of Christ we see that it is impossible for us to show temper in reading them. I do not say that we are actuated by temper, but that we seem to be. As Bishop Cheverus told a woman who was rather disposed to asperity of manner and speech, we must not only *be* full of Christian sweetness, but we must also *seem* to be so.

I believe that from every Christian church should go up a solemn protest against slavery. I pity the minister and the man who does not believe this. But when I see a man who feels for the slave, and whose heart rises with horror at his wrongs, it is not for me to tell him when or how to show it.

I hope I shall not seem irreverent or heretical—I am no neologist—I never get anything new—I wish to use a scripture phrase without reference to its sense as apprehended by theologians, but as it appears on the surface. In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God—The only power by which man can produce a deep effect on the souls or minds of other men, is by the Word. The Word only is power. Every great reformation has been produced by speech, by the speech of men who spoke in love. Let the true word be spoken in season, and out of season, whenever it shall seem to be right to speak it. Let us stand fast by the great principle which lies at the foundation of our political system, the equal right of every man to himself. It is by uttering truth: and not by taking a stand in conventionalisms which are one thing at New Orleans, another at Boston, and a very different thing at this grove; that any good work is to be wrought. We must take our stand in the eternal principles of right, and then we are just as strong as the Almighty. The throne of the Almighty stands in the truth. God himself stands upon it. The truth cannot be put down. It is immortal. Let us speak at the church, in the school, every one of us. Speak when we see that it is right to speak. Only let us *believe* and not bow down to cotton. And all New England will come up to our help, except a few who have no principle, and we can do without them.

It is time I should relieve your patience. I can stop now, and I will do it.

These remarks having been delivered with enthusiasm, and listened to with deep and fixed attention.

Mr. Pierpont introduced Charles Follen, (the son of the late illustrious Dr. Charles Follen,) who declaimed gracefully and with great propriety of emphasis, the lines of Whittier, on the sale of a "good Christian woman," recommended as such by the auctioneer.

The following hymn was then sung to the spirit-stirring tune of *Lutzow's Wild Chase*, by the performers whom we have had the pleasure of thanking above.

The bondmen are free in the isles of the main!
The chains from their limbs they are flinging!
They stand up as men!—never tyrant again,
In the pride of his heart, shall God's image profane!
It is Liberty's song that is ringing!
Hark! loud comes the cry o'er the bounding sea,
"Freedom! holy Freedom! Freedom, our joy is in thee!"

Alas! that to-day, on Columbia's shore,
The groans of her slaves are resounding!
On plains of the South their life-blood they pour!
O, Freedom! blest Freedom! your help they implore!
It is Slavery's wail that is sounding!
Hark! loud comes the cry on the southern gale,
"Freedom! Death or Freedom! Freedom or Death must prevail!"

O ye who are blest with fair Liberty's light,
With courage and hope all abounding,
With weapons of love be ye bold for the Right!
By the preaching of truth put Oppression to flight!
Then, your altars triumphant surrounding,
Loud, loud let the anthem of joy ring out!
"Freedom! holy Freedom!" let all the world hear the shout!

The company then, after an appropriate "grace" had been said by the Rev. Mr. Hall, of Dorchester, partook of a very nice collation, which was abundant for all, although the tables had been prepared for a smaller number.

Every one was in high spirits, and the very best of good humor, and the brightest smiles, aided by a warm sun and cooling shade, would have made even a misanthrope "comfortable."

The meeting was then addressed by the Rev. Mr. Allen, (the son of the gentleman who made the opening prayer;) Mr. N. P. Rogers, editor of the Herald of Freedom; Rev. Mr. Thompson, of Dedham, (of the Universalist denomination;) Mr. Lewis Clark, a fugitive slave from Kentucky, and Messrs. Sanderson, Jones, Powell, and Wood.

One who had been a slave preceded Rev. R. C. Waterston, with some affecting remarks, including a statement of his having stood on the auctioneer's block, and been sold under the hammer.

Mr. Waterston followed, by saying he had been deeply moved by the remarks of those who had just addressed them, and particularly by one who had been a slave, and who had now so eloquently spoken for his suffering fellow-men. There is something noble in the thought of one who has been in bondage, and who has escaped servitude, pleading the cause of those who have suffered with him, and who still suffer. Mr. Waterston continued as follows:

Around the day they had met to celebrate, there clustered many interesting associations. It was a day which should ever be held in grateful remembrance. It was an occasion which should be revered,

First, because it commemorated the triumph of great principles. Justice and mercy had achieved a new victory, and established themselves more firmly in the world. The cause of God and humanity had made progress, and freedom had extended her reign. Should not every new conquest of the right be universally welcomed?

Secondly, this day was interesting, because it displayed to many, a new revelation of human nature. It had been supposed by thousands, that the race which were to be freed, would break forth into fearful outrage; that with feelings of revenge for the past, they would strew the country with carnage. Insurrections and bloodshed, and wide-spread ruin were predicted. The day was looked forward to with sensations of horror. But when the hour arrived, all remained peaceful. Years have elapsed, and the people, which had been previously so injured, have shown themselves gentle and humane. No deed of blood has been recorded. No act of violence has been known. Docility and kindness everywhere prevail. Have we not in this a pleasing manifestation of human nature? Of the nature of a race whom some have considered only worthy of bondage.

Again, it was predicted that emancipation would be followed by intemperance and sensuality. That a want of sound morals and good order would be seen, and it would not have been strange if this prediction had proved true. And yet we are told on the highest authority, that such results have not followed: nay, that the people who were in servitude have, since their freedom, been remarkably circumspect; that there has been a general improvement in morals. That the marriage covenant is respected as it never was before; that the cause of education is cherished; that religious privileges are valued.—Have we not here an encouraging aspect of the people of which such fearful evils were predicted?

Many believed that the liberated slave would be idle. That the absence of the lash would remove all motive for exertion. It was thought that the nature of the blacks was such that unless they were watched and goaded, they would be indolent. It has now been shown that a slave, when made free, is able and willing to work. That his mind is alive to higher motives than those called out by force. The planter has found that he can cultivate his estates cheaper by free labor, than by slave labor. That the free man will perform more work. If he is kindly treated, and properly and justly paid, he will do his duty with new energy. And, in addition to the labor they perform for others, it is now seen that they voluntarily cultivate the land for themselves. Here then, we have a revelation of character, and we may rejoice in this day, because it commemorates an event which has given such grand results to the world. Who can but look with greater respect upon the African and the colored man everywhere, for the mildness and forbearance which they have displayed?

And again; this day is interesting because it brings before us a lesson for ourselves. Here is an open page in the history of God's providence; and it has been written for us. Who can look upon the triumph of a great principle among any people, without asking whether that principle is revered among themselves? Justice and mercy are precious here as elsewhere. Oppression and servitude are as evil in this land as in the Indies. Freedom is as good here as there. In the results of emancipation abroad, a book of wisdom has been opened to us.

God, in his providence, has been teaching mankind through the whole history of the past. The generations which have been, instruct those which follow. Man is left to the choice of evil or of good.—But the choice of either leads to inevitable consequences. There are eternal laws which cannot, with impunity be broken. The observance of the right will lead to weal, and the violation of the right will lead to wo. This is the unchanging law of God, and the history of nations seals its truth.

Who does not know the fate of the Roman republic, and who, that does know, needs to be told that it was slavery that impoverished her soil, and blighted the minds of her people? Slavery wasted her rich fields and turned them into a barren waste.—Slavery led to despotism, and despotism ended in anarchy and ruin.

It was not the Scythians rushing down from the Alps, but domestic oppression, which swept away the stability of her government.

The Romans, themselves, by their tyranny, kindled the conflagration before the hand of an invader had harmed them. Thus, when the law of justice and mercy were violated, the glory of art and the splendor of genius could not save the republic from impending destruction.

Thus, in the distant past, has God spoken to his creatures—and in this latter age we may say, there have been two great events made prominent before the nations. The first was the French revolution, with its fearful convulsions. Was it not misrule and licentiousness, which brought on "the Reign of Terror?" Vice had its sway, and infidelity increased, until the concentrated evils burst forth in that terrible explosion which shook to its base the fabric of society, and swept like a tornado over the land.—Blasphemy polluted the air, and blood drenched the earth, and this as the consequence of God's violated laws. The bow too tightly bent, broke, and recoiled, and the hand that held it was smitten. The Almighty will not suffer sin to rule forever, and that which is strengthened by wrong must finally sink in disgrace. Thus this renowned revolution has been a problem for the wise, and a sublime revelation of the workings of mighty principles.

One other event is prominent before us. It is that which we this day celebrate.

The emancipation of the slaves in the West Indies, was also a great demonstration of great truths, and a problem for the wise to consider.

The consequences of emancipation many thought would be terrible, but they have now proved that righteousness *exalteth* a nation. Eight hundred thousand men have been set free, and no evil has followed. Here is the glorious spectacle for philanthropy to gaze upon. Here is a fact for the contemplation of the doubtful. Freedom, when given to a slave, does not necessarily make him worse, but may make him better. The chains have fallen from eight hundred thousand men, and they stand there, not to curse, but to bless.

Look now upon the African nature; look at the liberated bondman! Is there not something imposing here? Something to kindle hope and joy in the soul?

The West India islands are lifted up before us, as a platform upon which much is transacted. How did these men receive their freedom?—upon their bended knees, with grateful adoration to heaven.

When the clock of the cathedral struck, peal upon peal, there was a breathless pause, and then thousands waved their unfettered hands, and shouts of delight burst upon the air. The planter greeted the emancipated slave as a man, and they exchanged together, in kindness, the most hearty good wishes.

As in the French revolution we have the triumph of wrong, so in this scene of emancipation we have the triumph of right. What a contrast is the result!

And can this country look in silence upon so grand a spectacle? It was for the triumph of the right that a Wilberforce and a Clarkson pleaded, and shall we not labor for a similar good? Who can think of the eight hundred thousand without remembering the two or three millions. Who can forget that the flag of our country still flies over the slave; and that at this moment fellow-creatures among us groan in bondage.

Here followed some remarks upon the condition of slaves among us. And an account was given of a visit to Mount Vernon, the spot which should be dear to every American. The gate leading to the estate was opened by *a slave*. He visited the spot where rested the ashes of WASHINGTON, and the person who pointed to the sepulchre was *a slave*. What American filled with love for the soil upon which rest those sacred ashes, but must burn with shame at the foul disgrace connected with such a scene.

Yet here were but two or three slaves out of the two or three millions which people our land. Are they all to be kept in bondage for-ever? It cannot be. The great principles of humanity are at work. A sense of justice is gaining ground. The cause of human freedom will finally succeed.

There are unquestionably among the friends of the slave those who may be indiscreet. But where are the Christians who have no indiscretions? Where are the statesmen who are free from fault? Where are the men of science who do not often err? There have been words spoken by the friends of this cause, with which all the friends of freedom cannot sympathize; but if it were not so, men had scarce been human. Still, holy men are at work, and an indestructible truth is at the heart of this reform. It is the cause of humanity and of God. I believe that the Almighty is upon its side. Nothing can turn it back. Every day wider views are extending. Every hour new prayers are put forth to heaven. Every moment, a deeper and a truer life is gaining ground. Must we not speak some word for the slave?

The spirit of the Pilgrims
Is spreading o'er the earth,
And millions now point to the land
Where Freedom had her birth:—
Hark! Hear ye not the earnest cry
That peals o'er every wave?—
"*God above,*
In thy love,
O liberate the slave!"

Ye heard of trampled Poland,
And of her sons in chains,
And noble thoughts flashed through your minds,
And fire flowed through your veins.
Then wherefore hear ye not the cry
That breaks o'er land and sea?—
"*On each plain*
Rend each chain,
And set the captive free!"

Oh, think ye that our fathers,
(That noble patriot band,)
Could now look down with kindling joy,
And smile upon the land?
Or would a trumpet-tone go forth,
And ring from shore to shore;
"*All who stand,*
In this land,
Shall be free for evermore!"

Great God, inspire thy children,
And make thy creatures *just*,
That every galling chain may fall,
And crumble into dust:
That not one soul throughout the land
Our fathers died to save,
May again,
By fellow-men,
Be branded as a slave!'

Mr. Stetson now rose to reply to some remarks upon his speech made by Mr. Rogers and other gentlemen, and said that he had not meant that black should not be called black—he felt himself under no obligation to say that the slaveholder was a man filled with the spirit of Jesus Christ. In the name of wronged and outraged humanity, (he said,) let the truth be told, but let no more be said than what would geometrically cover the truth. He did not object to strength of expression, but the truth would gain more by understatement than by overstatement. The question was yet to be settled who would be the slaves, if slavery should exist half a century longer; and he hoped the question would not be tried. He was no advocate for squeamishness, but he wished the truth to be spoken always in love. He did not know why those who felt their hearts breaking at the miseries of the slave and his master, might not gently say so, without being called incendiaries and disturbers of the peace. Of whose peace, he asked: not the peace of God, certainly. He had sought diligently with tears (*that* last was figuratively said, he remarked) for some way of speaking what he felt it his duty to say about these things without giving offense to any one. He had felt himself impelled to say, "Why do you, there, in that pew, cry out against me?" "Why, because I do not agree with you, in something you have said," would be the answer. "Well, my friend," I would say, "that is a *fact*, and nothing but a *fact*. It is nothing to be angry about—*I* do not agree with *you*, thank God." He wished some one not afraid of the public as he was, would tell him, and those who feared as he did the public wrath, why it was that the city of Boston would not hear gentle and quiet words on the subject of slavery. That was all.

A letter from the honorable Stephen C. Phillips, expressive of sympathy with the objects of the meeting, was read, and the procession re-formed, and marched to the cars in as excellent spirits as they had gone up, and continued through the day.—The company left the grove, which they will always remember with pleasure, at about half-past five o'clock P. M. and arrived at their homes in safety.

By R. C. Waterston.

LETTER TO LORD ABERDEEN.

On Wednesday, the 12th of July, the following memorial and resolution, in reference to the present state of the republic of Texas, were presented to the Earl of Aberdeen by a deputation of the committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, composed of Messrs. George Stacey, John Beaumont, Robert Forster, Josiah Conder, John Scoble, and the Rev. J. H. Hinton, accompanied by Lewis Tappan, Esq. of New-York.

The deputation were most courteously received by the noble lord, and not only assured of the lively interest he took in the subject, but of the intention of her majesty's government to use their influence, so far as it could honorably and legitimately be done, in promoting the great object proposed in the documents presented.

If the authorities and people of Texas be wise, an opportunity is now afforded them of redeeming the character of their country from the opprobrium under which it rests, and will continue to rest so long as slavery curses its soil; and of laying the foundation of its future peace and prosperity broad and deep.

To the Right Honorable the Earl of Aberdeen, &c. &c.

My Lord,—The position which the government of this country has happily taken in relation to the great question of human freedom is such as to warrant the expectation of the people of Great Britain, and of the civilized world, that whenever and wherever its influence can be legitimately exerted to advance it, that influence will be promptly and efficiently put forth. It is on this ground, the committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society solicit your lordship's serious attention to the remarkable state of things at this time existing in the republic of Texas, which they are firmly convinced present an opportunity, such as never occurred before, for the extinction of slavery, and which, if properly and promptly seized by the government of this country, cannot fail to lead to the happiest results.

Whatever opinions may be entertained with regard to the severance of Texas from Mexico, and the relations established between these republics and this and other nations, it must be conceded that its situation, natural resources, and institutions, render it a country of great importance to the whole of the human family. If it continue to be a slave State, the hopes cherished with regard to the speedy extinction of slavery, would be greatly depressed; should it, on the contrary, become a free as well as an independent state, those hopes would be realized in the extinction of that giant evil, and consequently of the slave trade in those parts of the western world where now it unhappily prevails.

Recent intelligence, from various quarters, shows that the present embarrassed state of Texas, arising from its difficulties with Mexico, its financial perplexities, the depressed prices of its produce, &c. have forced upon its inhabitants the discussion of the question, whether the alarming state of things under which they labor may not be remedied, and the prosperity of the country permanently secured, by the voluntary abandonment of the system of slavery, and the adoption of a constitution insuring freedom to all. The enterprising and intelligent portion of the Texan community appears to be aware, that unless some change is effected, immigration, which has already subsided, may entirely cease; and that they will be utterly unable to bring the vast resources of the country into profitable use. Their attention is consequently directed to the consideration of such measures as they apprehend may relieve their country from its desperate condition. Annexation to the United States is one of the measures contemplated. This, it is said, will enhance the value of the land, induce immigration of planters with slaves, and create a new market for slaves reared in the slave breeding portion of that country. Another measure proposed is the abolition of slavery. This, it is urged, would invite the hardy yeomanry of Europe and the free States of America, and give even greater value to the land, and stability to its institutions. It is scarcely necessary to suggest to your lordship, that these are questions of the highest interest, not only to the people of Texas, but to the friends of peace and freedom throughout the world.

With respect to the annexation of Texas to the United States, the committee would deprecate that as one of the greatest evils that could befall the human race, inasmuch as it would serve to insure the extension and perpetuation of slavery in both countries. But they are not without hope that this catastrophe may be prevented, by the timely interposition of the British government, as there are indications, not less striking than cheering, of a great movement in Texas in favor of liberty, which, if now judiciously strengthened and encouraged, will lead, they believe, to its triumphant establishment.

Supposing this important point gained, the people of this country, and the friends of free institutions throughout the world, would regard with feelings of the liveliest interest the tide of immigration of free settlers which would then rapidly flow into Texas. Such a population, carrying with them the blessings of freedom, civilization, and religion—rapidly increasing in number, and as rapidly developing the resources of the country—would prove not only of immense commercial value to this country, but to the world at large; and in advancing its own prosperity and greatness, Texas would then eminently promote the freedom and happiness of millions now held in bondage, and add to the general progress and welfare of mankind.

It must however, be confessed, that while the discussion of this question is going on in Texas, an influential portion of the slaveholders of the United States,—many of whom possess lands in that country, now of but nominal value,—are making a renewed, vigorous, and desperate struggle, in unison with that of the people of Texas whose interests lie in the same direction, to have it annexed to the United States, either by legislative enactment, or by the more summary mode of treaty.

In reference to this point, the committee feel it to be their duty to apprise your lordship that facts have come to their knowledge which afford grounds for serious apprehension that unless the British government speedily interpose with Texas, either directly or through Mexico, to relieve its people from the overwhelming pressure of their present difficulties, the event so much dreaded may occur. The committee presume not to suggest to your lordship how the influence of this country should be exerted; but they would fail in the duties imposed on them by the anti-slavery body of this country, as well as in the discharge of their obligations to humanity, and to the God of tde oppressed, if they did not respectfully and strongly urge an immediate consideration of this weighty subject, in all its important bearings, on her majesty's government, believing that they have it in their power to aid Texas, in freeing itself from the curse of a system which has blighted its prosperity, and ruined its prospects, and of establishing a state

of things which would ensure its future strength and prosperity.

Nor do British philanthropists stand alone in these views. At the late anti-slavery convention, embracing the representatives of the sacred cause of human freedom, from various parts of the world, the contemplated annexation of Texas to the United States was viewed as an evil of the greatest magnitude, which ought to be strenuously resisted by all the friends of justice and freedom throughout the world; and that the feeling now prevailing in that country in favor of free institutions ought to be encouraged by the British government and people as a great duty they owed to mankind. In accordance with these views, and the increasing feeling of the people of this country on the subject, the attention of your lordship is earnestly invoked to its early consideration; and the committee would cherish the expectation, that it may result in such efficacious measures as will redound to the honor of her majesty's government, and the fame the nation has acquired by its past efforts for the suppression of slavery and the slave trade.

I have the honor to be, on behalf of the committee, my lord, your lordship's obedient humble servant, (Signed) THOMAS CLARKSON.

17, *New Broad-street, July* 7, 1843.

Resolutions passed at the general anti-slavery convention, held at the Freemasons' Hall, on Tuesday, the 20th day of June, 1843, James Cropper, junior, Esq. V. P. in the chair:

1. That in the deliberate judgment of this convention the annexation of Texas to the United States is sought, and would be used by the slaveholding power in the South, for the purpose of extending the internal slave trade, and thus of perpetuating slavery on the American continent; that it is therefore most earnestly deprecated by this body, as one of the greatest calamities which could befall the human race; and ought to be strenuously resisted by all the friends of justice and freedom on both sides of the Atlantic, in the use of every available and legitimate means.

2. That this convention, having learned from various sources that a lively interest is awakened and gathering strength throughout Texas in favor of emancipation, as essential to the prosperity and security of that State, is persuaded that the British government, which has already recognized its independence, might at this crisis render the most important aid and encouragement to the cause of humanity, by giving countenance and sanction to the efforts of those who are struggling to terminate slavery in Texas, and to constitute it a free State; and the convention earnestly recommends to the committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, to consider how they may best serve this cause, and especially to memorialize the noble Secretary of State for foreign affairs on the subject, and to assure him that any measure which the government, in its discretion, may adopt for the promotion of the abolition of slavery in the republic of Texas, and which may not be at variance with the principles of the convention, will meet with the very cordial support of the anti-slavery body.

From the St. Louis New Era.

ARREST OF TEXANS!—OFFICIAL REPORT FROM CAPTAIN COOKE.

A week or two since, reports reached this city of the capture, by Captain Cooke, at the Crossings of the Arkansas, of a band of armed Texans, numbering about 100 men, and found upon American territory. The reports came through channels not likely to be unprejudiced—being from some of the Texans themselves—and we are gratified in being able to present to our readers all the material facts of the affair, made up from Captain Cooke's official report to Major Gen. Gaines. Captain Cooke, in command of the dragoons detailed to escort the American and Mexican traders on the route to Santa Fé, dates his dispatch from Camp Kearney, Crossings of the Arkansas, on the 4th of July. Having referred to previous information received from Mr. St. Vrain—which we have already published—it is stated, that on the 30th of June, about 9 o'clock, three horsemen were discovered about 17 miles below, or east of the "Caches"—a well known point about 24 miles below the usual "crossing." Believing them to be Texan spies, pursuit by a small party was ordered—the commander of which soon returned, and reported that the men had escaped to a "lake" about two miles to the south, where they joined a large force. Captain Cooke then changed the direction of his forces—followed the trail—and in a quarter of an hour saw the Arkansas river a mile off, and in a remarkably large grove on its southern bank, a force of men and horses. The Texans then hung up a white flag, and a subaltern was sent to their camp, with instructions to demand who they were, and what they did there? Lieutenant Love returned soon after, having with him Mr. Snively and another, who was introduced as his aid. Captain Cooke remarked to him, that his people were in the United States—asked who they were, and where his commission was? Mr. Snively replied that he had a Texan volunteer force of 107 men—75 having lately returned to Texas, that he believed he was on the territory of that republic—that he had a commission, and exhibited as such, the following paper:

DEPARTMENT OF WAR AND MARINE,
WASHINGTON, Feb. 16th, 1843.

To Col. Jacob Snively:

SIR: Your communication of the 28th ult. soliciting permission from the government to organize and fit out an expedition for the purpose of intercepting and capturing the property of the Mexican traders who may pass through the territory of the republic to and from Santa Fé, &c, has been received and laid before his excellency the president, and he, after a careful consideration of the subject, directs that such authority be granted you, upon the terms and conditions therein expressed, that is to say—

You are hereby authorized to organize such a force, not exceeding three hundred men, as you may deem necessary to the achievement of the object proposed. The expedition will be strictly partisan; the troops composing the corps to mount, equip and provision themselves at their own expense, and one-half of all the spoils taken in honorable warfare to belong to the republic, and the government to be at no expense whatever on account of the expedition.

The force may operate in any portion of the territory of the republic, above the line of settlements, and between the Rio del Norte and the boundary line of the United States, but will be careful not to infringe upon the territory of that government.

As the object of the expedition is to retaliate and make reclamation for injuries sustained by Texan citizens, the merchandise and all other property of Mexican citizens will be lawful prize, and such as may be captured will be brought into Red river, one-half of which will be deposited in the custom house of that district, subject to the order of the government, and the other half will belong to the captors, to be equally divided between the officers and men; an agent will be appointed to assist in the division.

The result of the campaign will be reported to the department, upon the disbandment of the force, as also its progress from time to time, if practicable.

By order of the President. M. C. HAMILTON,
Acting Secretary of War and Marine.

Captain Cooke proceeds to detail the reasons which operated upon him, in determining to *disarm* this band of Texans, found encroaching on American soil, and commissioned to murder and despoil our citizens, and those of a friendly power, of their hard-earned property. Having come to this determination, he informed Mr. Snively of his views—that they were in the United States—that although it had not been surveyed and marked, it was generally agreed that the line struck the river above "the Caches," while some believed the line to be as high as Chouteau's Island, 60 or 70 miles above "the Caches:" and that no power, in its warfare against another, had a right to enter a neutral's territory, there to lie in wait for his enemy, or there to refresh himself, afterwards to sally forth to attack his force, his citizens, or his property. Pointing his attention to a band of men who were then crossing the river to the south side, and referring to the spies who had been found on American territory, he said to Mr. Snively, "I demand of you, that your men march across this river and lay down their arms before me; then, as you say you are out of provisions, I will return enough to you to subsist yourselves wherever you may go, and you have free permission to enter the settlements of the United States." The arms he said, would be held subject to the order of his superiors. He told him to go over to his men, and gave him an hour to commence crossing. *Col.* Snively and his aid deprecated his course—said that by national law they had a right to pursue an enemy "twenty miles into a neutral territory"—that they would be in danger from 2,000 or 3,000 Indians, whom they had lately seen—that they were in a starving condition—that a party of 75, having become discontented, had left three days before for Texas—that he had given them an order to save them from being "treated as banditti," (by Captain Boone,) and that since the 75 had seceded, his men had become "disorganized."

Having made all his arrangements for an attack, Captain Cooke advanced to the crossing place. The aid had been sent forward by Colonel Snively, to signify his wishes and address the men, but near half an hour had elapsed, when Captain Cooke told Colonel Snively to go and bring his men out immediately a-foot, and deposite their arms fifty yards in front of him. This order was complied with. The Texans had become somewhat excited by the address of the aid, when they were stopped, the arms taken, they were discharged, and put into the wagon.

The Texans now claimed to have surrendered as prisoners, and some demanded an escort to the United States; they were informed that such was not the case, but that they should have an escort, if properly applied for.

The next morning they were told that an escort had been provided for them, to the United States, but many pleaded hard to return to Texas, and offered to divide the ten guns—which was acquiesced in. A division was made; but the greater part joined the escort for Missouri—many of them crying out, "No more of Texas, I'll go home." With the rest Snively was directed to make his way beyond the United States frontier.

The notorious Colonel Warfield was among the crowd, and was the only one who exhibited anything like a commission. The *colonel* seemed to desire the honor of surrendering to Captain Cooke in person, but this was declined. *Colonel* Warfield's commission gave him the power of bestowing an unlimited number of commissions (on citizens of the United States) to make war on Mexico, and thus a Texas captain slew Chavis.

On the 4th of July, the caravan passed safely into New Mexico.

The prompt and effectual measures adopted by Captain Cooke, for the dispersion of this band of freebooters—for, after reading the piratical commission, no one will think them worthy of a better name—deserves the public approbation, as we doubt not, his conduct will receive that of the government.

We understand that Major General Gaines, commanding this department, has directed that a military escort be in readiness to accompany the traders who may leave the western frontier about the middle of next month, for Santa Fé; that they will afford them protection until they reach the Rio Del Norte, unless sooner met by an armed force, as an escort, from Santa Fé, if it should be deemed necessary to go that distance; and we may safely assume that *this* company will meet with no molestation whatever. The boundary line on that frontier has never been run, and General Gaines assumes no extraordinary authority when he undertakes thus to ensure a safe communication to the citizens of two nations at peace with each other.

The above party of Texans we take to be the second "Santa Fé Expedition," which was announced in April or May last, as already on its march, and resolved to bring back the Mexican governor of Santa Fé dead or alive.

As to the notion that General Gaines may send our troops to escort Santa Fé traders *beyond the boundary line*, it is to be observed that our government has repeatedly attempted to obtain the consent of Mexico that our troops might enter Mexico as escorts, but have been uniformly refused.

ANOTHER NARRATIVE.—DETAIL OF THE TEXAN INVINCIBLES.

By the steamboat Rowena, we received yesterday a narrative of the occurrences attending the expedition of the "Texan Invincibles," as they are termed, into Mexico. This narrative is, it would seem, from the pen of a member of the expedition; and as it corresponds, in its main features, with official accounts, and adds some facts not before known, we proceed to copy it: we are assured that it may be relied upon. The writer dates his letter, it will be perceived, on board the Tobacco Plant—that vessel being at that time aground in the Missouri river:

MISSOURI RIVER,
On board steamer Tobacco Plant, July 28, 1843.

The "Invincibles" organized at Georgetown, Fannin county, Texas, and proceeded from thence to act against the Mexican traders on the route from the city of Santa Fé eastward, according to the authority given by the president, to Col. Jacob Snively.

[Here the substance of the commission, which has already been published by us, is stated.]

The "Ivincibles" left Georgetown for the field of action on the 25th April last, and after a march of about 350 miles, struck the Arkansas river on the 25th of May, about where we supposed the 100th degree of west longitude crosses—it being about 40 miles below where the Santa Fé crosses said river. We were joined by Col. Warfield, about the 4th of June. On the 19th of June, we came in contact with the advance of Governor Armijo's army, (about 100 Mexicans,) under Chaveler's. About 100 Texans engaged in the attack on them. After firing three rounds, we broke their ranks, killed 25, wounded 23, and took all the rest prisoners, without having a Texan hurt. The Mexicans were fortified in a ravine near the trace, or road, about 16 miles from the Arkansas river.

The Texans, when all together, numbered about 190 men. We learned, through the prisoners, that Governor Armijo was coming on with 600 men, and was then about 40 miles behind them; and also, that the Mexican caravan was on its way, under an escort of 240 United States dragoons, under the command of Capt. Cooke. Armijo, however, like an old fox, tired of the chase, retreated back beyond the Semirone; and as the caravan did not arrive at the expected time, we supposed that the company had returned to Missouri. We therefore sent the prisoners homeward; and *eighty-four* men of our party started, on the 29th of June, from our camp on Owl creek, a branch of the Semirone, to return to Texas. The remainder, being 106 men, marched over to the south bank of the Arkansas river, about 20 miles below the Santa Fé crossing, and, as we supposed, upon Texan soil.

Next day, however, Capt. Cooke took us by surprise, as we had no spies out, and one half our men were out buffalo hunting. That officer contended that we were east of the 100th degree of longitude, and demanded our arms, giving us full liberty otherwise; which terms we accepted, it being the most politic, both as regarded ourselves and our government. Colonels Snively and Warfield, with 70 men, started to return, with five guns, to Texas. The Camanche Indians took advantage of their defenseless state, killed four of their men, and drove of 60 horses and mules. Warfield pursued them with five men, intending to retake the horses; but he was surrounded by about 150 Indians. Warfield repelled the attack, killed seven Indians, and returned to camp without having a man hurt.

This expedition was commanded by Col. Jacob Snively, and was divided into four companies.

Previous to our breaking up, Ambrose Spencer, son of J. C. Spencer, present secretary of the treasury of the United States, was our judge advocate.

We fully believe that if Capt. Cooke had not interfered with us, we should have convinced Gov. Armijo, before fall, that he was *not* a Napoleon, he having the vanity to compare himself with that renowned conqueror. Very respectfully,

SAMUEL HUFFNER.

Remark.—It is very wonderful that the Mexicans should have fought on open ground until *half* their number was killed and wounded, and yet should not have "*hurt*" a Texan! But this does not come up to the feat of arms performed by the first Santa Fé expedition.

From the New-York American.

LIBERTY AND EQUALITY, OR DEATH.

Liberty and equality, or death, was the inscription which, even within our memory, and during the consulate for life of Napoleon, was still visible on some of the public buildings of Paris, as summing up into a phrase the *aim*—it proved to be far from *the result*—of the French revolution.

We, too, in these United States, profess "liberty and equality," and leave out the death, as though it were "a fixed fact," calling for no alternatives, that such a condition of things does exist. How far this is true, let the subjoined extract from a letter from Paris, published in the Evening Post, bear witness, and call up an ingenuous blush:

"When I had walked around the monument of July, and read the inscription, I felt anxious to know whether it stood on the very site of the bastile, and determined to ask the first man who should step on the pavement before me. I did so, addressing him in the best French I could muster. He replied that this was the actual site of that prison. I am American, I continued, and feel a deep interest in viewing the column. 'I too,' he replied in English, 'am an American, and have reason to remember that fine region for cultivation, but it is not the country for me.' I responded to this remark, by pointing out its general advantages, both of soil and government, and the attractions it had for the poorer classes, and the certainty there was of a man of industrious and temperate habits acquiring a competence. 'But you have distinctions in society there,' said he, 'which do not exist here.' I did not at once see his drift—and referred to our constitution and laws, to show that there were no distinctions in American society, but those made by superior abilities, wealth, worth, or success. No limits could be set to these. In fine, the framers of our constitution were believed to have done all that was practicable, in establishing a perfect equality of *original political rights.*"

"'An equality of condition, you know,' I added, 'is a perfect chimera, and can never exist under any form of government.' 'But,' said he, 'you have an odious distinction of birth, which all abilities, or money in the world cannot surmount.' The following is the substance of his reply: 'I, sir, was born in Mississippi. I am a creole. I have the blood of the African race in my veins; but had I remained there, I could never, with all my power and efforts, have secured that respect which is paid to the other races. I must have been content, had I been ever so industrious, or talented, to live in a humble and degraded sphere. Here, on the contrary, there is no such prejudice against blood—no such insurmountable distinction. I am a physician here—I am doing well, and respected—my brother is also here—he is an advocate. We are both respected. Nobody in Paris, cares or inquires about the admixture of blood in the human race, or if they do, there is no disadvantage arising from it. All are respected alike, and this is the country for us.'

"I perceived, in the course of this interview, that my informant had dark hair, though it was not crisp, and dark eyes. His complexion was not darker than most persons from the south of Europe, or many in Paris. Neither was there anything to distinguish his air, dress, or manner, from the middle classes in Paris. He spoke French and English fluently, the latter with no difficulty in uttering the sound of th. He was of middle stature, a little inclined to be stout. He walked erect, and with a confident air, which gave evidence of the truth of his assertions, as to the practical force of public opinion in Paris. I did not ask his name. I had no motive for it. But the interview made such an impression upon my mind, that I made notes of it, the moment I got back to my lodgings."

Who can tell how many noble hearts this barbarous and thoughtless prejudice has driven to voluntary exile, or to despair?

From the Christian Freeman.

EXTRACTS OF A PRIVATE LETTER FROM A GEORGIA CORRESPONDENT.

Cotton growing, a losing business.—The free colored people of the South abolitionists, and acquainted with the proceedings of Northern abolitionists.

The labor requisite to produce cotton is great, and at the present prices, it is a losing business.—The expense of preparing and transporting to market will average a cent and a half per pound. And the average price of cotton, in all the principal (southern) cities, during the last year, or for the last crop, has not been more than four and a half cents per pound; which, after paying expenses, would leave but three cents per pound.

The average weight of a bale of cotton in Georgia, is about 425 pounds; in Alabama, they make them heavier, say 455 pounds. On an average, they do not make more than four bales to the grown hand, and this when they produce nothing else. It takes half the hands to raise provisions for the other half, and for the mules and horses to cultivate the land with.

[Taking 440 pounds as the weight of the bale—the medium between the Georgia and the Alabama bale—and allowing half to raise provisions for the other half, the average produce of each grown hand would be, according to our correspondent, but two bales, or 900 pounds; which, at the rate of three cents per pound, would be but *twenty-seven dollars* a year!—S. M. B.]

Since I came to this place, I have become acquainted with a free colored man from ———. I soon found him to be an intelligent man—could read and write very well, and appeared to be somewhat acquainted with the proceedings of the abolitionists. I had three abolition papers, which I gave him to read. This was done secretly; and as there were a dozen persons about, I could get but little opportunity to talk with him on the subject, without exciting suspicion. On that account, I made an appointment to meet him in the woods on the following Sabbath. Accordingly, we met in a thicket, and conversed nearly two hours. I found that he was almost as well acquainted with abolition movements as I was. He is a member of the Presbyterian church in ———, and his employer says he is a man of good character. I told him of my being at the anti-slavery convention in New Haven, last year.—He said, "I wish I could be there at such meetings to hear; and if they would let me, I would get up and tell them of the deeds of cruelty I have witnessed." He is awake to the cause.

I have engaged him to write for your paper, facts which have come under his own observation. He told me, last week, that he had written some, and would soon have a letter to send you for publication. He has worked as a carpenter on the rice plantations, and is able to relate deeds of cruelty that would make the blood curdle. He says there are in ——— a good many intelligent colored people that would be glad to write for your paper, and could furnish facts in abundance. They are free, and some of them well educated.

My plan is to organize, through him ——— ———, (for that is his name) a kind of society in ———, to write for your paper. When Mr. ——— goes to ———, I intend to address a letter to his friends there, on the subject, and solicit their correspondence. * * *

Affectionately, yours, A. Z.

From the Philanthropist.

"HIGH-MINDED, HONORABLE CONDUCT."

The Cleveland Herald tells a story quite flattering to Henry Clay. Lately a relative in the South became bankrupt, and assigned all his property to trustees for the benefit of his creditors. His liabilities were about $50,000, one half due Mr. Clay. The property was put up for sale—Mr. Clay announced to the creditors, that although the amount due him was as large as all the other claims combined, still, he would release all interest under the assignment till all the other creditors should be paid. The sale was made—the other creditors were all paid, the balance Mr. Clay got for his $25,000. Says the Herald—

But this is a fair specimen of "Harry of the West," both in public and private life. His country first, and himself last—the interest of those men who without color of right were suspected of having relied upon him, were to be preferred and his own postponed.

Such specimens of high-minded, honorable conduct, occur so rarely, that for the honor of mankind they should be chronicled as set-offs, so far as they go, against the drawbacks upon it, we every day see happening about us, and especially in these degenerate days.

We hate to spoil a pretty story—indeed we do—but, what says the Herald to chronicling the following?:

Three hundred dollars reward!—Runaway from James Kendall, in Bourbon county, Ky. to whom he was hired the present year, on Saturday night last, (the 14th inst.) a negro man, named *Somerset*, about 26 years of age, 5 feet 7 or 8 inches high, of a dark copper color, *having a deep scar on his right cheek, occasioned by a burn*, stout made, countenance bold and determined, and voice coarse. His clothing it is thought unnecessary to describe, as he may have already changed it.

Also—From E. Muir, of the same county, on the same night, (and supposed to have gone in company,) a negro man named *Bob*, about 29 years old, near 6 feet high, weighing about 180 or 90, of a dark copper color, of a pleasant countenance, uncommonly smooth face, and a remarkable small hand for a negro of his size. He *spells and reads a little.* His clothing was a greenish jeans coat and black cloth pantaloons.

We will give the above reward for the delivery of said negroes to the undersigned, or their confinement in jail, so that we can get them, or $150 for either of them, if taken out of the State, or $100 for them, or $50 for either, if taken out of the county and in the State.

HENRY CLAY, *Senior.*
E. MUIR.

BOURBON CO. Ky. 17, 1839.

Communications.

LETTERS ON SLAVERY, ADDRESSED TO AMERICAN WIVES AND MOTHERS.

BY H. M. TRACY.

"Our fellow-countrymen in chains!
Slaves—in a land of light and law?
Slaves—crouching on the very plains
Where roll'd the storm of freedom's war!"

LETTER II.

Beloved sisters, I wish to set before your minds the system of American slavery. I would not exaggerate one of its essential attributes: I simply desire to state the naked, unvarnished truth. To judge of a system we must know what it is intrinsically. We must look at its origin, and know upon what it is based. We must also look at its fruits; remembering that "a good tree will not bear evil fruit, nor a corrupt tree good fruit." We must remember, also, that the same fountain doth not send forth sweet waters and bitter. If, then, the main stream is bitter, even though there should mingle some pure rills, we must not forget that the fountain gives character to the whole; and that these little rills, proceeding from other sources, no more confer sweetness upon it, than do the rivers which flow into the ocean give its briny waves freshness and purity.

In treating upon this subject, I cannot expect to present any new ideas. The system has often been fully exposed; all its uncomely features have been brought to light by its opponents, and all that could be made to appear seemly, has been held up by its advocates. I shall therefore content myself with repeating well-established truths.

Slavery is a denial of all inalienable, human rights. This may, at first, seem to be a broad proposition, but it is fully sustained by reference to the slave codes of the South. True, the slaves are in some instances protected; but this protection is for the benefit of the master, and has nothing to do with the slave's right to protection, as a human being. In some other instances, they seem at first to protect the slave against the cruelty of the master; but these enactments are rendered a dead letter, by the laws which regulate evidence. The following is taken from Stroud's Sketch of Slave Laws, and is fully sustained by reference to the laws themselves: "A slave cannot be a witness against a white person, either in a civil or criminal cause."

When we consider the situation of the slaves, in many instances under the control of a single white person, without the power to substantiate a charge unless they can bring the testimony of a white witness, we must at once see that they are cut off from all hope of redress, even for the most wanton outrage. And even supposing the injured slave to be a house-servant; how easy it is for the master or mistress to withdraw the object of their vengeance from the notice of whites, and thus cut off all possibility of his obtaining redress.

Slavery takes man from the sphere in which his Maker placed him, when he gave him dominion over the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and all creeping things, and degrades him to the same rank with those over which God gave him jurisdiction. The laws of slavery declare, that "slaves have no legal right to property in things real or personal, but whatever they may acquire belongs, in point of law, to their masters." (See Stroud, page 25.) It denies the doctrine, that God has made of one blood all nations that dwell on the face of the earth. As before implied, it even strips man of those natural rights which every human soul is conscious of possessing. His time is not his own; his talents are not his own; his body is not his own; and even his immortal soul, the rich purchase of the blood of Jesus, is, in a great measure, in the keeping of another.

By the laws of slavery, the inlets to the soul must be forever darkened, the light of science must never beam upon the clouded mind, and the glorious truths of the gospel may be shut out from the benighted heart. Heavy penalties are imposed in most of the slave States for the *crime* of teaching slaves to read and write. And why is this? It is gravely stated in the preamble to some of these enactments, that knowledge would serve to make the slave discontented. May we not fairly infer that the master would be equally so? Could the mass of slaves read the Bible, and there learn that all the sympathies of God are on the side of the "poor and needy," and that his truth is pledged to bring down the high looks of the oppressor, think you the master would have no reason to tremble for the consequences of his guilt?—Would not a consciousness of rights, such as no human being could justly wrest from the guiltless, follow a perusal of the Bible? This is what slaveholders fear; and for this reason they guard it as with a flaming sword.

Again, slavery wages an eternal warfare with the Declaration of Independence. It declares that the great principle of equality of natural rights, embodied in that instrument, is a mere "rhetorical flourish." If the doctrine that human rights are essentially equal, is a mere fiction, or at best a baseless, fanatical vision, then we have no criterion by which to judge of rights, as pertaining to human beings; but they are made to depend on circumstances which individual power may control. If there are no rights pertaining to us as members of the human family, inseparable from our rank in the scale of being, then you and I, and all others, may be enslaved whenever the convenience of those who have the requisite power may choose. If one human being may be innocently enslaved, so may all others. Do you yield your assent to this doctrine, that "might makes right?" Do you not feel that the violation of your rights, involves a violation of the immutable laws of the Author of your being? Do you not feel that truth and justice are the foundation upon which they rest, and that they are as imperishable as the throne of Jehovah? Yet it is a necessary prerequisite to slavery that these convictions be done away. It takes man, who was created in the image of God, made a little lower than the angels, and places him in the market, to be sold with the beasts. It takes woman, formed for purity and domestic love, and exposes her at public auction, to the scrutiny of profligate men, who may buy her as a chattel, and treat her as a beast of burden. It takes the infant from its mother's breast, and sells it as men do a fatted calf. It subjects human beings to the chain and the lash. These are a few of its essential features; and from them we may judge that no good can result from its continuance. It is indeed, fraught with wrongs and woes innumerable. It punishes men for the violation of laws which are unknown to them. This is worse than the tyrant who caused his edicts to be placed so high, that the people could not read them; for even he did not forbid the acquisition of requisite knowledge.

It awards cruel imprisonment, and often death, for love of liberty; stocks and shackles for want of energy, when toiling beneath a burning sun, scantily fed, and worse clothed; the chain and lash for maternal love and filial pity, conjugal fidelity, and determined purity. These are a few of its external injuries; but what are they compared with the injuries done to the immortal soul? To rob a man of the products of a life of toil, would be justly deemed a great outrage; yet slavery is not content with this; it must also rob its victims of the key of life, by denying the means of moral and intellectual improvement. So unnatural is this relation, that it is first necessary to strip its victims of all the nobler attributes of humanity. Its laws take cognizance of them as chattels, and make no more provision for their elevation than for that of brutes. Nay worse than this, they make it a crime to impart knowledge to them. Thus they seek to destroy the humanity of the slave, and cast contempt upon the Son of God, by trampling in the dust those for whom he shed his redeeming blood. Nearly three millions of human beings are thus perpetually robbed of their rights, and made chattel by law; as really under the control of their masters as the ground on which they toil. Degradation, ignorance, and sorrow, are the sad birthright which they inherit from generation to generation.

Such is a faint delineation of one of the institutions of our *professedly free government.* Mothers, wives of America, shall it receive your countenance? Or will you say to all that come in your way, "Let us wash our hands from such guilt, lest "He that avengeth the poor slay us also."

LETTER FROM A FRIEND.

DENMARK, Lewis co. N. Y.
5th of 8th mo. 1843.

On a religious visit to Vermont, by the way of Peru, last fifth month, I had an opportunity to judge of the state of feeling in Ferrisburg Quarterly Meeting, in relation to the disownment of Isaac T. Hopper, and his associates. I found it decidedly unfavorable to the proceedings of the New-York Monthly Meeting. I found, by conversation with the signers of the Protest, that they were resolved upon a spirited opposition; and I bid them God speed in the business. It needs not much of the spirit of prophecy to fortell that New-York Monthly Meeting will at last find itself disowned by the other branches of New-York Yearly Meeting.

The committee that is to visit these Friends, in the eighth month, will find them true to their standard of truth and equal rights. I would say to them, stand firmly on the rock. Do not allow yourselves to be discouraged, so long as twenty-five hundred thousand of our brethren and sisters are in perpetual bondage. Let us not fear the fulminations of pro-slavery men, even if found within our own borders. Stand by the Truth, Friends! I know from experience, as well as many precious spirits, that it is the most powerful weapon man can wield, in any cause. Nothing can stand before the majesty of its power. It will, at length, set the Society of Friends free from error and prejudice; from all connection with oppression, or the oppressors. In process of time, it will liberate the world.

If the way opens, I shall visit Friends in the western part of this State, and in Ohio, this fall and winter. I trust I shall go in the love of the everlasting gospel of God; and if I say that every slaveholder, and every pro-slavery man, violates the laws of love and truth, I shall speak the truth. When I see the poor, down-trodden slave deprived of education, of the Bible, of the great privilege of worshipping God according to the notions of the spirit, I feel an assurance that our Heavenly Father is still mindful of us all; and that the time is not very far distant when truth will find its way into the heart and conscience of the oppressor. As we sow, we shall reap; therefore let us diligently scatter abroad truth and love, that the harvest may be life everlasting.

A few more revolving suns, and all the generations now on the face of the earth, will pass away, to be seen here no more. As we approach the eternal world, will it be a comfortable reflection that we have aided the federal government by our votes? Do we reflect that by our votes we give power to men to stand between us and God? To make laws for us, instead of God? That by so doing we help to give government the power which it uses to kill all that are slain on the earth? [see Revelations, xviii: 24.] Are we aware that by our votes we give those men power, who enable the slaveholder, with his chains and whips, to stand between God and the suffering slave? Whoever votes for either of the political parties, is choosing men to rule over him, instead of God.

I have not voted since 1820; because I do not see how I can do it, consistently with principles of love to God and man. Our Governor and Ruler was chosen long ago. His name is King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, and he shall rule the nations with a rod of iron. [see Revelations xix. 15, 16.]

I would invite every friend of Jesus to leave polities, and come under the government of the spirit of God, which is love and good will to all men. Where will political parties be, when men love God and their neighbors, as much as they now love self? The wisest statesmanship is to cease to do evil, and learn to do well. Thus only can men gain confidence to call God "our Father."

With the remark that I alone am responsible for what I have written, I subscribe myself a friend to God and man. DAVID WAITE.

FIRST OF AUGUST IN NORTHAMPTON.

The friends of freedom in Northampton, and towns contiguous, without distinction of party or sect, assembled in Northampton on that glorious festival day, the first of August.

The old congregational meeting, through the the influence of a portion of its trustees, opened their house for the occasion. There was a goodly gathering for the valley of the Connecticut river, (where orthodoxy reigns with indomitable sway, stultifying and crushing humanity betwixt its icy folds, heedless of the tears and groans, blood and wails of them in bonds,) from Amherst, Whately Hadley, Hatfield, South Hadley, Wilbraham, East Hampton, Southampton, Worthington, Deerfield, and other towns, of friends who united in rejoicing with those who rejoice, at the triumphs of humanity over inhumanity, of liberty over despotism, of the gospel of the Son of God, proclaiming liberty to the captive, and binding up the broken hearted, over slavery and infidelity.

The day was a propitious one, and the event apparently enlivening to those present. Professor Wm. Adam called the meeting to order, and that fearless and faithful friend of the panting fugitive, whose unwearied vigilance, timely interposition, and intrepidity, has saved hundreds from falling a prey again into the hands of the destroyer, David Ruggles, was appointed president, and introduced to the meeting by W. L. Garrison, as one whose blessed services in the cause of human freedom, entitled him to that honorable station. E. D. Hudson and Francis P. Judd were appointed secretaries. The president, David Ruggles, made a brief and pertinent address explanatory of the occasion which had convened us on that glorious jubilee day, when the manacles and chains fell instantaneously from the limbs of 800,000 men and women who had long been in the prison-house of slavery, and their restoration to their manhood and right to enjoy the blessed boon of freedom.

Opportunity was given for vocal prayer, after which the meeting united in singing one of freedom's songs—"So the bondage of ages has ceased"—which made the walls of the old bastile ring. A portion of the 72d Psalm was read by W. L. Garrison, and responded to by the meeting in the song, "Our grateful hearts with joy o'erflow," with animated hearts and voices.

The audience then listened very attentively and earnestly, two hours, to a highly-interesting, eloquent, and appropriate address from Professor Adam, whose residence in England, and observations, enabled him to give his personal knowledge respecting the rise and progress of British anti-slavery, and the fundamental principles by which emancipation was effected in the British West Indies. Several views of the subject which the address contained, were entirely new, or have not before been laid before the public. He said the grand influence which removed the chains from eight hundred thousand freed men, was strictly a moral influence, exercised by Christian men, and Christian women, in the use of Christian means. That the philanthropy of Great Britain was first directed towards the evils of the slave trade, then towards slavery, to ameliorate the condition of the slave, and finally towards its entire abolition, which was accomplished after a long and uncompromising warfare. The right prevailed—a nation was born in a day. This was not done by political cabal and compromise, but by the power of truth, enforced upon the minds of the people—the same that has effected so much for the cause of temperance, peace, and moral reform. The measures adopted were consistently and perseveringly opposed by the slaveholders and their allies; but as then, so now, their opposition is to be considered of no account.

One great feature of British West India emancipation, to wit, the compensation act, so often referred to by the enemies of freedom, was not the act of the people. The people spoke against it, with clearness of tone, and depth of purpose. The people offered no compensation. It was the treacherous act of the ministry, always the creatures of circumstances or caprice—who, in order to conciliate the favor of the West India planter, to atone for their act of emancipation, which the people were loudly demanding, proposed a loan should be made to the planter, to enable him to pass safely through the transition from slavery to freedom. The planter taking the advantage of this proposition, demanded compensation; this being refused by the people, the ministry adding treachery to fraud, granted a gift of twenty millions of pounds; thus thrusting their hands into the pockets of their own poor white countrymen, and plundering them, for the purpose of bestowing a gift to the plunderer of the poor, for giving up what they had no right to—for ceasing to do that which was criminally wrong and unjust.

The speaker, after dwelling at some length upon the above topics, gave a history of the apprenticeship system, dictated by the slaveholders, who, not content with the gift which they had bribed the ministry to bestow upon them, demanded that the candidates for liberty should serve them eight years, as a preparatory step for receiving their freedom; thereby clearly demonstrating that they, the slaveholders, were totally unprepared for liberty; that their abandonment of that system of preparation, at the time one half of the term had expired, and their adoption of the system of immediate emancipation, afforded an incontrovertible evidence that immediate emancipation was the only safe and profitable remedy for slavery; this he still further proved, by adducing the testimony of former slaveholders, as to the benefits of that remedy upon both classes, the planters and freed men, in a moral, social, pecuniary, and religious aspect. After which, the exercises were closed for the forenoon, by a song.

Afternoon.—Services were introduced by singing

"Children of the glorious dead,
Who for freedom fought and bled," &c.

and continued by W. L. Garrison, who addressed the the meeting, adducing the happy effects of West India emancipation, as a fulfillment of the promises of God to those who "undo the heavy burdens, who break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free; that then their light should break forth as the morning, and their health spring forth speedily." After which, the meeting united in singing

"Now to Heaven our prayers ascending,
God speed the right."

The president then introduced a *man*—Stephen C. Rush—who had recently cast off the chattel chain, and followed the North star, which had guided his feet into our vicinity, where he is enjoying peace among the true friends of liberty, and though his mind had been subject to the blighting and murderous influences of the peculiar institution, yet we had the pleasure of beholding the salutary influences of freedom upon it, in producing a rapid reaction, in an interesting speech, in which he contrasted the cruelties and evils of slavery with the blessings of freedom; and with great emotions thanked God for the emancipation of the eight hundred thousand men, women, and children, in the West Indies; and for the privilege of attending such a meeting, and for the labors of the abolitionists in behalf of three millions of his brethren, whom he had left in chains, in the southern States. He was followed by Thomas Hill, in an interesting speech prepared for the occasion—a youth, filled with a healthful zeal in the anti-slavery cause. William F. Parker, Rev. Sumner Lincoln, and James Boyle, severally addressed the meeting, briefly the latter in his usual caustic manner of treating all moral diseases—exposed the spirit of caste in the northern States—the handmaid and offspring of slavery as it exists in what are denominated Christian churches. After a vote of thanks to the trustees and church for the use of the meeting-house, and a song,

"Come, join the abolitionists," &c.

the meeting adjourned, and each one returned to their homes, making melody with their voices by the way, in re-echoing the songs of liberty which had been shouted forth during the day.

E. D. HUDSON, } *Secretaries.*
FRANCES E. BIRGE, }

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1843.

GENERAL NOTICE.

The friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society are hereby notified that its energies are sadly depressed for want of funds necessary to pay its debts. How long shall we call in vain for the means of vigorous life? Let each subscriber forward his subscription to the Standard IMMEDIATELY. *Let all the friends of the Society who can spare a donation, no matter how small, remit it without delay. We call urgently and loudly, for relief—relief!!*

MOBS.

For awhile we flattered ourselves that the time had gone by when a pro-slavery mob could be raised in a free State. We imagined that partly from the change in public sentiment, partly from physical exhaustion, and partly from chagrin, that the benevolent cause which riotous outrage sought to destroy, had been a constant gainer by it, the sovereign mob would at length make a voluntary abdication, so far, at any rate, as respects the cognizance of abolition meetings and discussions. We say voluntary, because it is many years since we ceased to expect that popular violence would be restrained, or punished by the constituted authorities of the country. Since the great pattern mob of Baltimore, a period of thirty years, there have been not less than one hundred serious mobs in the United States, many of them attended with murder and conflagration, and there has been but a single instance of effectual restraint, and not one, so far as we know, of exemplary punishment. So far from that, in all the most important cases the public authorities have connived at popular violence, and co-operated with rioters. This was the fact in the case of the celebrated Baltimore mob, where one respectable and distinguished citizen (General Lingan) was murdered, and several others left for dead, while they were in the custody and under the promised protection of the civil and military authorities of the city. The victims had consented to surrender their arms, and go to prison, on the solemn pledge of the mayor and military commander that they should be protected, and yet, at evening, when signs of popular ferment and malice were still around them, the military were dismissed, and arms were refused to the prisoners, for self-defense; and when the mob made a rush at the door of the prison, the keeper unlocked it, and gave them access to their victims!

At the burning of the Charlestown convent, while the mob was gathering and surrounding the building, a rumor was spread that there were fire-arms within, and it was supposed that the Sisters of Charity might possibly make use of them. At this the mob recoiled; whereupon one of the selectmen of Charlestown step

Cincinnati is not a whit behind Philadelphia. It has had a parallel history in respect to the number and ferocity of pro-slavery and negro-murdering mobs. But after all that we had known, we were not prepared to believe that the populace of that place was capable of rising in arms in behalf of a wretch so sordid and cruel as he who appealed to them in the following public notice:

Kidnapping—$50 *Reward* will be paid for the return of a *mulatto girl*, named Lavinia, about nine years of age, enticed away yesterday morning from the house of Mr. Hawkins, corner of 8th and Western Row.

To the abolitionists of Cincinnati:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I arrived here on Sunday, on my way to Wheeling, accompanied by my wife, daughter, and the above girl. She has been enticed away from me, I am told, by a *negro harlot, one of your coadjutors*, residing on Eighth street. I never expect to see the child again, but I wish to show you what *good* you sometimes do for the poor negro.

The girl's mother has been for a number of years my housekeeper, and I own the whole family, and never intend to part with them, unless to make them free for their faithful services. The mother is very much attached to the girl, and it was with great difficulty that I got her to consent to let her come with me.

The girl, I know, will not live without her mother; and I have no doubt you will attempt to steal her and her other children also; that I am determined you shall not accomplish.

I cannot go home and meet the mother without her child; I therefore have instructed my attorney to send the family away from my house, and let no person know where they are; and if the girl is not found, to sell the family at a sacrifice, to any person who will take them to the interior; I have likewise advised that the husband who is a highly valuable servant, belonging to a merchant, be immediately removed, until his wife and children are sent away from him. So you see, ladies and gentlemen, what your philanthropy sometimes leads to.

D. P. SCANLAN, of New Orleans.

According to the laws of Ohio, the girl here mentioned was *free*. Although in the extent of the physical mischief this mob was comparatively a trifling affair; yet in spirit it was one of the most detestable that was ever heard of.

A TRIP TO POUGHKEEPSIE.

Every traveler, who passes up North river, feels moved to tell the rest of the world of the extraordinary beauty of its scenery; forgetting that almost everybody has viewed it for himself. The mind must indeed be very unpoetic, that does not cherish its memory like a bright and graceful dream. The high palisades of rocks, half covered with verdant foliage, like ivy-covered ruins of old castles; the bold sweeping outline of the hills, which in some places walk forth into the midst of the waters; the abrupt turns of the river, now winding its way through some narrow inlet, and then suddenly expanding into a broad and noble bay; the zig-zag paths among cliffs and crags; the cottages peeping out from among the trees—human nests, which the imagination paints as brooded over by love and peace; all these form a succession of landscapes indescribably beautiful. The most tasteful, as well as the most interesting of these cottages, is the home of Washington Irving, behind which lies Sleepy Hollow, rendered so famous by his Rip Van Winkle. The white sails of boats shimmering in the distant sunshine add to the loveliness of the scenery; and now and then a steamboat goes rushing by, leaving a long track of snowy foam behind it. One smiles to observe how the noise and effort is always in proportion to their littleness. The Empire, a huge long boat, like the floating fragment of a city, walks the waters most serenely, as if moved by her own volition, unaided by machinery. The *little* steamboats toil after her, with a mighty fuss; the steam goes fizz! fizz! the wheel spitter! sputter! frothing the river like baker's yeast. The Empire looks like a majestic mastiff passing a little ambitious puppy, whose trotters fly in rapid volition, at least a dozen times, to equal one stride of his quiet strength; and nine times out of ten, the puppy will bark all the while, to call attention to the dust he is raising. The comparison holds good everywhere. The natural element of littleness is agitation and uproar. All great things move in quiet strength.

West Point is grand indeed in its natural scenery, and deserves all that has been said and sung of it; but man in his prim and gaudy regimentals, seems out of keeping with the free simplicity of nature. The hills cry shame upon his trappings, and the waters laugh at his measured evolutions. Even the non-resistant might be impressed by military pageantry, when arrayed in the service of a cause for which men are zealous to die; but it is difficult not to have some sense of the ludicrous, when looking on military forms kept up in times of universal peace. A soldier stood sentry on the steamboat landing at West Point, and demanded the written names of all who passed. It is undoubtedly the A, B, C, of a military school, and as such, a necessary part of war; but after all there is something ridiculous in a man's pacing a few feet of rock, hour after hour, standing sentry over nothing.

The hills in this vicinity might be said to be made for war, if nature ever fashioned any of her goodly workmanship for so bad a purpose. They command the river completely, and cannon placed on them might rake it from shore to shore. In the middle ages, the pinnacles of these steep and rugged hills would have been chosen as admirable sites for castles; but in these prosaic days of gunpowder, they have lost their value for such purposes; for cannon planted on the opposite side might send the stone walls up among the stars. Moreover, it would be very inconvenient getting water, ice, &c. conveyed up there. A feudal castle, picturesque as it looks frowning majestically from some beetling cliff, would be a mighty inconvenient residence for modern fine gentlemen.

Poughkeepsie, which lies on the North river, half way between New-York and Albany, is a large, thriving looking place, very pleasantly situated. The view from College Hill is much spoken of by travelers, and strikingly reminds one of the famous view from Round Hill, at Northampton. It is less grand, because the amphitheatre of hills seems like a group of mere hillocks, in comparison with Mount Tom and Mount Hoylyoke. But there is the same graceful sweep of hills and fields, the same rich variety of verdant grass and golden grain, through which the river winds its silvery course; and the same plentiful sprinkling of white houses dotted all over the landscape.

Whether the universal weakness of eyesight, and nervous sensibility to light, is owing to our American partiality for dazzling white houses, walls, and fences, is a question; but if the lighter shades of stone-color were substituted, it would be an inexpressible relief to the eye, and afford an agreeable contrast to the surrounding foliage. Whosoever would leave a fund to paint all the houses of a city pale stone-color, or some of the faintest and most delicate shades of buff or apple-green, would deserve a monument, as a public benefactor. This universal glare of red in the city, and white in the country, whether amid the glittering snows of winter, or the dazzling summer sun, is alike wearisome to the eye and the mind; both ask for shadow and repose.

Our resting-place at the end of this pleasant journey was at the Mansion Square Boarding school, superintended by William P. Gibbons, brother of James S. Gibbons. In this responsible task he is assisted by his wife and her five sisters. I could not have believed that a household of forty pupils, of various ages, could be so well ordered. Everything moved on harmoniously, in its appropriate path, but the machinery which propelled and directed the motion was invisible. There was no knocking on the dining-table, no calling to order; each young lady seemed to feel a personal interest in the reputation of the school, and spontaneously did her own share toward sustaining it. Affection and respect for the teachers no doubt had a large share in producing this happy result. Some of the pupils, who had been there a year or two, remarked that their instructers seemed to them like elder sisters. William P. Gibbons, the superintendent, unites in an unusual degree, playfulness of deportment, with strictness of regulation. In the hours devoted to recreation, he joined in the children's games, as if he had been a brother of their own age, and they played their juvenile tricks upon him with as much familiarity. But in the hours of study, it was altogether *une autre chose*: therefore the affectionate familiarity of his pupils never degenerates into disrespect.

The good order and quiet of this large establishment, produced apparently without effort, is doubtless in part owing to the fact that the teachers were educated in the Society of Friends; for if Quakers are sometimes degenerate in the higher qualities which characterized their forefathers, they are rarely so in habits of neatness and propriety. Let it not, however, be understood that this is a Quaker institution? People of all sects send their children, being well assured that there is no inclination to give them any particular theological bias. The pupils attend whatever place of worship their parents, or guardians think proper.

The house in Mansion Square, was originally built for an hotel, and is large, commodious, and airy. Very careful attention is paid to the health and happiness of the scholars, as well as to their intellectual and moral improvement. The school has now been in successful operation four years, and its reputation is well established. It seems, in fact, to combine as many of the advantages, and as few of the disadvantages of a large boarding school, as could well be arranged. Besides the common English branches, algebra, geometry, and other branches of mathematics, French and drawing, are included in the departments of study.

During the winter term, the higher studies comprise chemistry, animal physiology, and astronomy. And in the summer, botany and vegetable physiology, and natural philosophy. The pupils have an opportunity of acquiring practical knowledge in these and other departments of the natural sciences, by means of lectures, apparatus, and illustrations by drawings and specimens.

The year is divided into two terms, winter and summer, of twenty-two weeks each, and two vacations of four weeks each. Annual expense for each pupil, one hundred and sixty dollars, payable in advance. There are extra charges for French and drawing, twelve dollars a quarter each.

May they train up a legion of useful and exemplary women, strong in heart and mind, ready to do their part toward rolling the world onward to its millenium.

FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE.

A Mr. Van Zandt, an industrious and worthy citizen of Ohio, has been sued by a slaveholder of Kentucky, and adjudged to pay twelve hundred dollars damages, under the following circumstances. He had been to market at Cincinnati, and in returning home, took into his wagon a family of fugitive slaves, on their way from Kentucky to Canada, with the intention of giving them a cast. In this situation they were overtaken by the owner, and all the slaves, save one, recovered. Mr. Van Zandt, when asked if they were free, replied, "They are free, by nature." The slaveholder brought his action to recover the value of the slave who escaped, and damages for his trouble and expense in pursuing and recapturing the rest. By the law, the penalty attaches only to "obstructing or hindering" the owner, or "harboring or secreting" the slave. Judge McLean, who presided in the trial, gave a very remarkable construction to the act of Congress. He told the jury, according to the reports we have seen, that anything done with "the intent and having a tendency to defeat the claims of the master," and prevent his recovering his slave, was within the penalty of the statute. The following are reported as Judge McLean's words:

"What shall constitute a harboring or concealing, within the statute? This offense is not committed, in my judgment, by treating the fugitive on the ordinary principles of humanity. You may converse with him, relieve his hunger and thirst, without violating the law. In short, you may do any act, which does not show an intent to defeat the claims of the master. But *any overt act*, which shall be so marked in its character, as not only to show an intention to elude the vigilance of the master, but is *calculated to attain such an object*, is a *harboring* of the fugitive, in violation of the statute. It is clearly within the mischief it was designed to prevent."

We are happy to perceive that the case is not to go off on this exposition of the law. Mr. Van Zandt, it is said, would be robbed by it of nearly all the fruits of an industrious and frugal life. We bid him be of good cheer. His little property could be expended in no way so well as in contesting the alarming principle which the court itself has thus laid down. The following paragraph shows the present position of this important cause:

"Judge McLean yesterday read the opinion of the court granting the defendant a new trial, upon the payment of costs. The defendant declined accepting the new trial on those terms. A motion in arrest of judgment had been also filed; and the two motions were argued and considered together; hence, the refusal to accept the new trial upon the payment of costs. In case of a new trial, the plaintiff might have leave to amend his declaration, and so cut off another motion in arrest. By refusing the new trial, the defendant seeks to throw the plaintiff at once on to a defective declaration, upon which the court cannot give judgment. In that way, the plaintiff might be defeated.

The court has certified that the judges are divided in opinion upon the motion in arrest; and also on a like motion in the suit for the penalty. This takes both cases to the Supreme Court."

Another.—A case has lately come before the county court of Morgan county, Illinois, for harboring a slave *brought into that State by the master*. The court decided, contrary to all previous decisions, that the defendant was liable, as for harboring a fugitive slave.—The case is appealed to the Supreme Court.

CAPTAIN MACKENZIE.

Not doubting that this officer acted with good intentions, and that the persons whose lives he took were guilty, yet we deprecate such proceeding as that described in the following paragraph. The power which he assumed is of so awful and tremendous a nature, and examples of military usurpation have been so mischievous and demoralizing to mankind, that they ought in no case to obtain a higher reward than simple toleration. The natural tendency of men to enlarge and assume power, needs not to be strengthened by artificial means:

An appropriate and beautiful present to Commander Mackenzie.—We have just been taking a look at the sword which is about to be presented to Commander Mackenzie, by a number of our citizens. It was manufactured by Messrs. Bailey & Kitchen, and is a most excellent specimen of their taste and skill. It is a gift, worthy of the circumstances it commemorates, of the liberality of the donors, and of the desert of the recipient. It is an efficient as well as an elegant weapon, made exactly in compliance with the navy regulations. Its mountings are solid gold; and the hilt, guards, and casings of the sheath, are ornamented with the appropriate devices of anchors, and with other enchasings of exquisite workmanship. The blade is most gracefully shaped, and adorned with sundry naval emblems, ships, &c. One of the guards bears the inscription, "Presented by the citizens of Philadelphia to Commander Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, of the United States navy.—1843." The end of the hilt is formed in the shape of the head of an eagle, the eyes of which are diamonds.

The artificers may well be proud of their handiwork; and the committee, charged with presenting this splendid gift to Commander Mackenzie, have a pleasant duty to perform. They are the organ of a most respectable portion of this community, conveying in the most suitable form their sense of the good conduct of a meritorious officer when placed in a most trying situation.—*Philadelphia Gazette.*

LONDON ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

This body, in closing its sittings, received reports on the state of slavery and the slave trade, and the prospects of abolition in every part of the world, called Christian. In respect to some countries, this information, as we find it in the newspapers, was precise and extensive; in regard to others, it is very general and limited. We think it best to defer any republication until we are enabled to obtain a more full and complete account of these reports. We note some isolated facts which will perhaps surprise some of our readers.

It appears by a statement of Mr. *F. B. Cocking*, late of Havana, and for several years a resident of Cuba, that of the six hundred thousand slaves in that island, no less than four hundred and fifty thousand were imported and held contrary to the treaties between Spain and Great Britain, and contrary to the laws of Spain. That in like manner, one million of the slaves in Brazil were imported and are held in violation of British treaties, and the laws of Brazil. Thus Great Britain has levers under the two greatest strongholds of slavery, (saving the United States,) by which, at any moment when she chooses to apply her power, she may overturn them from their deepest foundations; for it cannot be pretended that the remaining fragments could stand after such large portions were torn away.

From statements made by Joseph Sturge, it appears that the quantity of rum and sugar exported in the four first years of freedom, is about half the average of the four last years of slavery. We expected this result.—Without it, we should think that the people had no power to choose their pursuits, to seek their own comfort and improvement; and that *practically* slavery still existed. On the other hand, the number of small landholders schools, and places of worship, have increased from two to fifty fold.

"The Norfolk Beacon announces Mr. Tyler's arrival at Portsmouth, where he was met and addressed by a committee, in answering which, the acting President kindly assured the good people of Portsmouth of his *determination to keep up the Navy Yard.* Such, at any rate, is the language put into his mouth by the Beacon, and it must give great comfort to the country. The people of Portsmouth ought to be especially gratified and grateful, that Mr. John Tyler don't intend to deprive them of their navy yard."—*New-York Courier and Enquirer.*

This paragraph reminds us of that period of the Roman history, when, as Juvenal records, the people demanded *parem et circenses*, bread and games, nothing more. The navy yard at Portsmouth, *Va.* is no doubt very important to the people of the town and State; a great deal too important. We have been told that the annual expenditure of the public moneys there is equal to the entire expenditure in all the navy yards situated in the free States.—The free States furnish all the seamen, and we suppose four-fifths of the money for the navy; they brought it into existence—they fought it into favor against the jealous opposition of slavemongers; but after it had become popular, and could be made a profitable and useful ally, they began to monopolize the *offices, contracts, and jobs.* Hence, the Virginia naval station, like Pharaoh's lean kine, is swallowing up all the Northern ones. But the partiality and injustice here, are not so bad as in many other things, and with that thought the people of the North must console themselves.

"They had a *slight* mob in Cincinnati, on Monday, the 31st ult. It fell far short in interest of those generally had there. It was not equal to the common run. It was soon dispelled."—Cause, abolition.—*Ohio Atlas and Elyria Advertiser.*

When will the press of the free States cease to speak in this wanton and reckless manner. The number containing the above paragraph has the following also:

"They [the democratic party] so districted the State as to prevent a majority of the voters from being represented in the Congress of the nation."

The editor ought to have added—cause, whig principles! Nero set fire to Rome, and burned most of it down. He then accused the Christians of this crime, and caused them to be slaughtered like wild beasts. Our Elyrian brother would say, *Christianity* was the *cause* of all this!

The *Portland American* speaks with similar considerateness and candor touching the same mob.

THE QUARTERLIES.—The Foreign Quarterly Review is always full of matter valuable and interesting to all lovers of literature and science; but the number for July is unusually rich and attractive. It contains the following articles: The Life and Works of Rabelais. Habits and Superstitions of the Bretons. Niebuhr's Posthumous Works. Francesco Petrarca. The Marquis de Custine's Russia, Arago's Life of Herschel. Recollections of Napoleon and Maria Louisa. Gautier's Travels in Spain. The Dialogues of Plato. Spanish Drama, Lope de Vega, and Calderon. Capefigue's Europe during the Revolution. Dr. Francia. [By Carlyle.] Recent publications, notices, &c.

The Edinburgh Review for July, contains articles on The Condition of England, and the Means of removing the Causes of Distress. The Life of a Traveling Physician, including Twenty Years' Wanderings through the greater part of Europe. Voyages of Discovery toward the North Pole. Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing in the Tweed. The French, painted by themselves. Life in Mexico. The Life of Joseph Addison, by Lucy Aiken. Mr. Mason reprints in the neatest and most accurate style, the four British Quarterlies, viz. the London Quarterly, the Foreign Quarterly, the Edinburgh, and the Westminster, for $8 a year; $2 dollars each; which is *one third the price of the English editions.* Why does not every lover of literature subscribe? In what other form can they obtain, for the same price, half as much valuable information, and interesting reading?

THE POST-OFFICE.—On the last page is the conclusion of a highly interesting story, bearing this title, from the pen of Miss Sedgwick. If it should be the means of calling the attention of politicians to the important subject of reduction in postage, it would add another to the numerous benefactions which Miss Sedgewick has bestowed upon the country.

The penny postage system is working admirably in England. The happiness of the people is augmented, their domestic affections enlivened, and the revenues from the post-office department increased. In this country, the post-office tax is severe, especially in the West. We have known a dear friend and relative in Ohio, obliged to wait weeks before she could take out a letter from her beloved mother, in distant New England. She had potatoes and grain in plenty, but could not raise twenty-five cents in *money.* If statesmen would try to lighten this burden, they would do a real service to the people.

C. C. BURLEIGH, writes from Norristown, August 14 "We are in the midst of a large and interesting meeting. Lucretia Mott is just finishing an eloquent and impressive speech, which is applauded by a profound, silent, and fixed attention."

C. C. B. will attend the *Clarkson Anti-Slavery meeting* at *Sadsbury* on the 26th instant, and the *Chester county meeting* at Uwchlan, on the 29th.

☞ The request of our colored friends at Syracuse, dated August 1, but postmarked August 8, came to hand after our paper was off.

Anti-Slavery Items.

BRUTAL OUTRAGE.—An outrage of an aggravated character occurred about ten o'clock, on Front street, Wednesday night, August 2d. Two respectable young ladies were returning from the fair at the market, accompanied by a colored man in the capacity of a servant, whom they had ordered to come for them at that hour. While proceeding quietly on their way, the colored man was assaulted by a gang of rowdies and knocked down three times. A cry was raised for the watch, which caused the ruffians to scatter. The ladies took refuge in a neighboring grocery.

The cause assigned for this brutal assault was that it was a case of amalgamation, although the ladies told the ruffians repeatedly that the colored man was only a servant attending them by their orders. Such outrages deserve the severest punishment.

A QUEER DIVISION.—An assignee's notice in the Washington, N. C. Whig, announces for sale among other *articles*, "an interest in a negro man, named Peter, it being one-third of one-eighth of said negro."

A SINGULAR CIRCULAR.—The New-York Herald says: "We have in our hand a circular of the English government, signed by Lord Aberdeen, and addressed to all its commercial and other agents in this country, requiring the most minute information in relation to slaves and slavery in all its details—the physical force of the negroes—their relations to their masters—their general treatment, general character, and propensities, &c. &c. with very full statements as to sources of information, means of judging, &c. The end and object of all this espionage has not transpired; but it is pregnant with meaning, if we consider the many points in dispute between the two countries. The circulars appear to have been issued immediately on the promulgation of the threat in the United States Senate in relation to the Oregon question.

"Twenty-two thousand six hundred and fifty-eight dollars have been awarded, by the court of general sessions of Philadelphia, to the proprietors of Pennsylvania hall, which was destroyed by a mob some years ago. A few more such awards will make the city authorities a little more energetic in putting a stop to all such outbreaks against the public peace."

We find the above going the rounds of all the eastern papers. Will the award ever be paid? We remember that the late Benjamin Lundy obtained an award of nine hundred dollars for books, manuscripts, and other property which were burnt in the aforesaid Pennsylvania hall; but the amount has not yet been paid. Will not some friend of the orphan in Philadelphia look into this matter of the award to Benjamin Lundy? His children are now living in Putnam county, in this State, destitute of this world's goods. They are not in a suffering condition, because they are capable of earning a living for themselves, and are under the protection of faithful, warm-hearted friends. The property of their father was maliciously destroyed by a mob; the county was responsible for the damage, and an award of the court has been made of the amount to be paid, and these children in justice ought to receive it. If the payment was stayed, it was because there has been no one to look to the matter, or because of some legal quibble which may be overthrown by proper proceedings.—*Western Chicago Freeman.*

THAT FLORIDA LAW.—The law by which the free people of color in that territory were to be enslaved was *repealed* at the last session of the territorial legislature. So says our southern correspondent. We advert to it again because the letter from our friend, stating the fact, was overlooked by many readers. It does not affect the guilt of a whig Congress that the law is now void. For, at the late session, they stifled all inquiry into the subject. And it is very probable that the main object of the law, the enslavement of the free people of color, was accomplished before the repeal of the law. Will our Florida correspondent enlighten us on this point?

Patriot.

A political abolition editor [Western Freeman] recommends to his brethren, that there be "no plotting" among them.

Died.

At her father's, in West Boylston, Mass. MRS. SHIPLEY, wife of Simon G. Shipley, of Boston, an early and zealous friend of the anti-slavery cause and of the colored race. She has left a husband and several children.

In this city, at the residence of her son-in-law, on the 10th instant, Mrs. ANASTATIA LAWRENCE, aged 76 years.

[COMMUNICATED.]

At his residence in Wilmington, Delaware, on the 25th ultimo, PETER SPENCER, presiding elder of the Union African Methodist church, in the United States, in the 61st year of his age.

He was a kind and attentive husband, a friendly neighbor, and a faithful and affectionate father. He has left a widow and a numerous circle of brethren and friends to lament his departure. He was much esteemed, not only by his own people, but also by the white population, for his moral rectitude, ardent piety, and mild, unassuming manners. Notwithstanding his means of acquiring information were very limited, he succeeded by indefatigable industry in storing his mind with a rich fund of useful knowledge.

For more than thirty years he faithfully discharged the duties of his station, preaching the gospel free of charge, and planting churches in various sections of the country. In 1812 he threw off the fetters of church government, with which he and his colored brethren had been too long bound by the white Methodists, and established an independent church in the city of Wilmington. Since that time, upwards of twenty churches of the same order have been formed, and we hope soon to see all our colored brethren in the United States throw from their necks the yoke, and become members of our union.

Brother Spencer's funeral took place on the 30th ultimo, and was attended by about twenty ministering brethren, and a large concourse of friends from different sections of the country. He was followed to the grave by about six hundred mourners. His funeral sermon was preached by Rev. Isaac Barney, of New-York, from 1 Corinthians xv. 55. "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

Brother Barney has been appointed his successor in office, and we sincerely pray that he may be as successful in his labor of love as his lamented predecessor. May his character be such as will not reproach the cause in which we are engaged; and may his piety be such that when he is called to follow brother Spencer to their long home, his language shall be, "Oh death, where is thy sting? Oh grave, where is thy victory?" JACOB BENTON.

Wilmington, August 14th 1843.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign Items.

Montevideo.—We have been favored with Montevideo papers to the 10th of June. They confirm us in the impression that the statements of the campaign, published in the journals of Buenos Ayres, must have been colored to give a favorable aspect to the views of Rosas.

The accounts from Rivera's head quarters are stated as very favorable. He still remained without Oribe's camp, harrassing him with skirmishes, and manœuvring in such a manner as to facilitate desertions from his army. It is said that the number of deserters become every day more numerous.

The "Britannia" gives an account of the sally and skirmish of the second of June, which represents the issue of it as entirely to the advantage of the Montevideans. It says—

A force of about 4000 men of the troops of the garrison, and the French and Italian volunteers marched, out and successfully reconnoitered the enemy's fortified encampment, dislodging him from all the posts of his outer lines, with considerable loss. The casualties among the garrison troops were comparatively trifling, amounting in all to about sixteen killed and wounded.

On the 1st. Colonel Silva arrived from the camp of Rivera, bringing important communications from him. On his route, he took a number of cattle and horses from Oribe's army, and brought with him 38 prisoners. Four of these proved to be deserters from the Montevidean forces, and were immediately shot.

The journals continue to give instances of the revolting cruelty with which the troops of Rosas treat such of the Orientials as fall into their hands. The garrison in their recent sallies had rescued from his army the corpses of two men who had been burned to death over a slow fire. It was announced that these bodies might be seen at the public cemetery.

We notice nothing which seems to augur a speedy end to the war, but the reiterated statements that Oribe's (the besieging) army is greatly in want of provisions. The force of these statements must be in a great measure attributed to the desire of keeping up confidence in the city. There seems to be no scarcity within the walls.

The election for electors took place in the different districts on the 15th of July, and the election for President will be on the 5th of September.

Business was very dull. American produce scarce. Coffee, hides, &c. high.

When the Fairfield sailed, there were three French men-of-war laying at anchor in the outer roads, and seven other men-of-war in the outer bay.

The French steamer Gomer arrived at Port-au-Prince July 25th, from the Windward islands, bound to Jamaica.

From the Isthmus of Darien.—Chagres, July 8, 1843.—The Vandalia left Port Royal on the 1st inst. and arrived at Chagres on the 5th—all well, except Captain McClinney, whose health is impaired.

The America leaves only one vessel here, the Samuel L. Southard, to sail the 20th inst.

Commodore Jones is yet in *Nukibus*, and I think there is no probability of our bringing him home. Commodore Dallas and suite left Panama for Payta on the 4th of June, in the Peruvian brig of war Jesus! Mr. Brown, commissioner to the Sandwich Islands, left Panama for Otaheite on the 12th of June, in the tender to H. B. M. frigate Vindictive.

Later from Havana.—The ship Christoval Colon arrived here yesterday, in eight days from Havana, with news from that place. Business was reviving, and the yellow fever increasing. Tobacco was as much in demand as ever, and scarcer than ever. On the 1st inst. a large, Baltimore-looking schooner was seen to land a large cargo of slaves a few miles to the westward of Matanzas, and then to sail in two hours. The slaves were immediately hurried into the interior. Nearly all of them were sick of some epidemic, and means were taken to discover where they were put, up to the 5th instant without success.

General Items.

A Step Backward.—Rev. Dr. Anderson, secretary of the American board of missions, has addressed a circular to the editors of religious papers in Boston, and probably elsewhere, requesting them to desist from publishing an extract of the intelligence communicated by the officers of the board at the monthly concert, because such publication "embarrasses pastors in the country at the ensuing concert, and thus operates unfavorably, by preventing, rather than facilitating, the giving of missionary intelligence on that occasion." And so, intelligence interesting the religious public must be kept back an entire month, in order that pastors in the country may have the first use of it. This is a narrow, contracted policy, little in accordance with the expansion of views usually manifested in the transactions of the American board. It is the same policy, though not carried to the same extreme, which "lang syne" was practised in Greenland, where a ship from Europe arrived only once or twice a year, and news was doled out to the people at intervals of once a week. In that case, the news was kept from the people several months; in the present case, it is only withheld one month. This shows the *progress* of things, as the world grows older and wiser. Probably by the year 2000, the children of light will become as wise in respect to news, as the children of this world; who, in the United States at least, never restrain it, but give it wing, and it flies over the whole country with the speed of a bird. So it should be with religious intelligence. The more rapid, the better. The more generally diffused, the better. And if it becomes generally known to the religious public before "the ensuing concert," the pastors may even be saved the trouble of communicating it; and feed out something else. Or, they can comment upon it, as intelligence already known and understood. The world of thought is wide; and there is no need of getting out of supplies.

Journal of Commerce.

The Cilley Duel.—Mr. Wise in a late address, said it was a fair duel—but that if censure and odium attached to any one, it should be to Mr. Clay—for he was the counsellor and adviser, and dictated the terms of the duel—that he (Mr. Wise,) protested against the rifles, and the language of the challenge, which closed the door to an adjustment of the difficulty, but was overruled by Mr. Clay—that he expressed an unwillingness to be the bearer of a challenge so uncompromising in its character, but at length yielded to an appeal from Mr. Graves, who reminded him that he had been his friend on a similar occasion.

Fact in Mesmerism.—The Belfast Signal states, that a surgical operation was performed in that town on Saturday last, under the mesmeric influence. A lady was thrown into the mesmeric state by Mr. P. P. Quimby, and a polypus extracted from her nose by Dr. Wheelock, in the presence of several citizens, and the subject is reported to have given no signs of pain. This experiment has converted many of the unbelievers into the full faith of the science.

American Liberty.—A New Orleans correspondent of the Richmond Enquirer,—a paper distinguished as a flaming advocate for *democratic liberty*, furnishes the following *beautiful* paragraph under date, *July fourth*,—the anniversary of the day, when the assembled representatives of American patriotism, and justice, and love of liberty proclaimed that "*all men* were created equal." It would seem that the honorable business of "slave breeding" is looking up; and that the prospect is, that the New Orleans market will soon be abundantly supplied with "the best blood of old chivalric Virginia."

Hampton Gazette.

"The article of negroes will certainly advance in price, as the demand will be unusually great—the demand not having by the traders, the past season, been supplied by them. The prices the past season, say in June, were; men at $600 girls $500, mechanics at $1,200, but I gave it you as my opinion, having been in the trade, and in this market for many years, that our market will open the ensuing season, men at $800, girls $500 to $600. So you can say to any of your friends, that may have such property to dispose of that in making their sales at home, they can take into consideration all of the prospects I here relate to you."

Arrival from the Pacific.—The sloop of war Yorktown, Commander Nicholas, arrived at this port yesterday, from the Pacific, and last from Rio de Janeiro, having sailed from the latter port the same day with the Boston.

The Yorktown sailed from Mazatlan on the 14th of February, Valparaiso on the 2d of May, and Rio on the 17th of June. Left at Valparaiso United States frigate United States, British 74 Dublin, and the French admiral's ship Reine Blanche. The United States frigate Constellation was expected daily, from China.

The Yorktown brings $35,571, part of the indemnification awarded by the government of Chili for depredations on American commerce committed in 1822, and $86,838, to merchants and insurance companies.

It is singular that Commodore Jones does not come home to take his trial for the outrage at Monterey. The Yorktown is from his squadron.

A parcel of ruffians from Philadelphia, brutally assaulted ladies, ministers, and other peaceful citizens, at a camp-meeting near that city last Sabbath. Nothing was done to punish them.

Grape of the Valley of Canaan.—We yesterday saw a single grape sold for three dollars! It came from the garden of Mr. Lenes. These grapes, thus offered for sale, are the largest we ever beheld, weighing some of them five or six pounds!!! This may appear incredible, but it is strictly true.—*New Orleans Courier, July 27.*

Outrage on the Lehigh.—The coal boatmen on the Lehigh canal have for several weeks refused to work, unless their wages were raised, or to permit others to work. On the 31st ultimo, an attempt was made, by some well disposed citizens of Easton, to pass some of the coal-loaded boats down to the market. They were led by Mr. Parker, a member of the legislature. The moment they were discovered, they were attacked by a mob of the strikes. Mr. Parker was knocked overboard, and escaped by swimming to the opposite bank, and his friends were dispersed with volleys of stones—the rioters remained then, and still the masters of the field.—*Boston Post.*

Macassar Oil.—Messrs. Rowland and Son, the makers and principal venders of this far-famed unguent for the hair—"thine incomparable oil, Macassar," as Byron calls it—brought an action against another perfumer for selling a counterfeit article, which action was tried last month in London. Mr. Talford was of counsel for the defense; and he undertook to prove, and did prove, if we may judge from the verdict, that the said incomparable oil is nothing but common olive oil, colored with acolata root, and scented with otto of roses! Here's a revelation for such as have been in the habit of paying six shillings for a little bottle. The verdict was for the plaintiff, damages one shilling.

A Warning.—Mr. Justus Williams, a respectable citizen of Saybrook, Connecticut, lost his life through the quackery of an itinerant charlatan, who undertook to relieve him from his corns, by applying to them a mixture of nitric and muriatic acids. Lockjaw was the consequence of the application. A number of other persons in Saybrook and the adjoining towns are seriously ill from the same cause.—*Post.*

Money in Boston.—The Boston Post states that the banks in that city have now on hand in specie nearly $8,000,000—a much larger amount than ever before.—Money can now be had on the hypothecation of prime securities, for 3 1-2 per cent. per annum, on demand, or on four and six months.

The Boston Journal says: "We can add to the above, on the authority of persons well acquainted with the subject, that business is looking up wonderfully, and that a good fall trade is expected."

"The Surrey University in England, has conferred the degree of 'Doctor of Divinity' upon Rev. James W. C. Pennington, the colored Congregational preacher in Hartford. He has been in London, attending the World's Convention, with Lewis Tappan and other Americans."

C. M. Clay.—A ferocious attempt was lately made to assassinate this noble man, on account of his anti-slavery sentiments.

Mrs. Gilmour, the Scotch fugitive from justice, has been surrendered to the British authorities.

Fertility of Algeria.—At a sitting of the Academy of Sciences, *Bory St. Vincent*, who conducted the scientific commission in Algeria, submitted a very interesting note as a summary of the observations of the commission on the vegetable riches of the colony. They collected 1,800 more species than any of their botanical predecessors—more than three thousand species altogether. He avers that *French Africa* is not in the least an exhausted land, but is capable of yielding, in any quantity, the best qualities of cotton, tobacco, silk, wheat, and the strong wines in perfection: "No other colony which France possesses, or could acquire, can be compared in fertility and natural advantages to this gifted and brilliant region."

ABOLITIONISTS, PAY YOUR DEBTS!

The Executive Committee of the American Society have adopted the ONE DOLLAR PLAN, for the special purpose of paying the debt, for which partial provision only was made at the late annual meeting.

The question is now to be answered—*Does the American Anti-Slavery Society number twenty-five hundred members, who are able to pay One Dollar each, for the payment of its debt?* If so, we shall soon be an honest society. If not, we shall soon cease to be a society at all. Our operations cannot be continued, if we cannot go upon the cash system.

Friends of the Society are requested to act as agents in their respective localities, and to collect without delay, as much as they can, and remit to the Treasurer.

PAYMENT RECEIVED.

28	Dr. Jason H. Ames, Bradford, N. H.	$1
29	S. P. Hodges, Foxboro, Mass.	1
30	Elizabeth Neale, Philadelphia,	1
31	Wm. A. Green, Winfield, Herkimer co. N. Y.	1
32	Theodore Monroe, Bridgeport, N. Y.	1
33	Benjamin Smith, New-York City,	1

TREASURER'S RECEIPTS

For the week ending 8th mo. (Aug,) 12th, 1843.

Received for the Standard—The following persons have each paid $2: Sarah Hines, Wilmington, Ohio; Joseph Scantlebury, Auburn, N. Y.; Peter Barnum, Bethel, Ct.; James Boyd, Winchester, Ct.; Mark Pixley, Lafayette, N. Y.; Abigail Mott, Albany; Nathan Hardin, W. Winfield, N. Y.; George L. Lerow, Staten Island; Wm. E. Lukins, Short Creek, Harrison co. Ohio; Cyrus F. Farr, Springboro, Ohio; David Brown, Winfield, co. Herkimer N. Y.; E. S. Cadwell, Oneida Lake, Madison co. N. Y.; Lansing Taylor.

Isaac E. Heaton, Janesville, Rock co. W. T. $3; A. Weller, Skeneateles, $1; Edwin Wilbour, Commons, R. I. $4; Zebulon Frost, Shoreham, Vt. $1; David Gamble, Emmetsburgh, $1.

Donations.—A friend, New-York City, 25 cents; John Levy, Lowell, Mass. pledge made at annual meeting on behalf of Lowell A. S. Society, $25; Abigail Folansbee, W. Newbury, Mass. 50 cts.; contribution box, do. $1 50.

ISAAC T. HOPPER, *Treasurer.*

NOTICES.

UNION FREE PRODUCE SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the Union Free Produce Society will be held at West Grove meeting-house, on the 17th instant, at 2 o'clock, p. m. The managers are requested to come together an hour earlier, at the same place. BEN J. KENT, Rec. Sec.

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTIONS IN OHIO.

In conjunction with the American Anti-Slavery Society, the Ohio American Anti-Slavery Society will commence a series of conventions—

At Mansfield, Richland county, on Tuesday, the 22d—two days.

At Woodbury, Delaware county, on Friday, the 25th—two days.

At Green Plain, Clark county, on Wednesday, the 30th—two days. All of these, except the first, to commence at 9 o'clock, A. M. and to be attended by John A. Collins and George Bradburn, of Massachusetts; and Frederic Douglas, late of ———, in the land of human chattels, where he is still claimed as "property."

Let all who love liberty—who sympathize with the bondman in his degradation—be aroused to attend these conventions; and let every abolitionist resolve to take two of his pro-slavery neighbors with him to hear the gospel of liberty proclaimed.

On Monday, the 4th of September, the first anniversary of the Ohio American Anti-Slavery Society will commence at 9 o'clock, A. M. in Liberty Hall, at Oakland, Clinton county. On this occasion, we shall probably have present all the speakers who attend both of these series of conventions, besides our own Morris, and Chase, and Lewis, and Thomas, with Dr. Bailey, and our friends generally who are active in the Ohio society.

We want to see our friends come up by the thousand, to consult upon what next is to be done in our moral warfare.

From Oakland, our eastern friends will probably pass into Indiana, and hold conventions there—returning again through the southern part of

Poetry.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

FOR THE OPPRESSED.

These lines were composed by a friend of humanity, (now residing in Michigan,) whose self-denying zeal on behalf of the "oppressed," has often won for her the ridicule of the thoughtless abettors of their oppressors. But it has also won for her "peace of mind," which they may well covet, though they cannot *enjoy*.—E.

Others may sing of vanquished foes,
And boast the fame their valor won,
While I lament the red man's woes,
And weep with injured Afric's son.

Yea, palsied be my hand and tongue,
Forsake my heart its dearest joys,
When I forget the red man's wrong,
Or cease to plead the negro's cause.

A blood-stained robe* I may not wear,
Nor riot in Oppression's gain;
Nor quaff the bowl, though rich and rare,
While they its bitter dregs must drain.

Lift up your heads, ye long oppressed,
Nor longer hopeless deem your lot;
There are who feel for the distressed,
Though cruel tyrants heed them not.

There are whose hearts are warm with love,
With love which tyrants can't control:
Kindred to that which dwells above,
But deigns to bless the humbler soul.

This love is not confined to caste,
Nor bounded by a sable brow—
The oasis in Nature's waste,
For you its fruits are ripening now.

Then, though it seems to tarry long,
Ah! do not sink beneath your load;
Love's potent arm is ever strong—
'Tis mighty through the living God!

Let patience have its perfect work,
And every bond shall be unloosed;
Your necks no longer bear the yoke,
Which long your inmost spirits bruised.

A. B.

* A garment made of cotton, produced by slave labor.

From the Democratic Review.

HAMPTON BEACH.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The sunlight glitters keen and bright,
Where, miles away,
Lies stretching to my dazzled sight
A luminous belt, a misty light,
Beyond the dark pine bluffs and wastes of sandy grey.

The tremulous shadow of the sea!
Against its ground
Of silvery light, rock, hill, and tree,
Still as a picture, clear and free,
With varying outline mark the coast for miles around.

On—on—we tread, with loose-flung rein,
Our seaward way,
Through dark-green fields and blossoming grain,
Where the wild brier-rose skirts the lane,
And bends above our heads the flowering locust spray.

Ha! like a kind hand on my brow
Comes this fresh breeze,
Cooling its dull and feverish glow,
While through my being seems to flow
The breath of a new life—the healing of the seas!

Now rest we, where this grassy mound
His feet hath set
In the great waters, which have bound
His granite ancles greenly round [wet.
With long and tangled moss, and weeds with cool spray

Good-by to pain and care! I take
Mine ease to-day;
Here where these sunny waters break,
And ripples this keen breeze, I shake
All burdens from the heart, all weary thoughts away.

I draw a freer breath—I seem
Like all I see—
Waves in the sun—the white-winged gleam
Of sea-birds in the slanting beam—
And far-off sails which flit before the south wind free.

So when Time's veil shall fall asunder,
The soul may know
No fearful change, nor sudden wonder,
Nor sink the weight of misery under,
But with the upward rise, and with the vastness grow.

And all we shrink from now, may seem
No new revealing;
Familiar as our childhood's stream,
Or pleasant memory of a dream,
The loved and cherished Past upon the new life stealing.

Serene and mild the untried light
May have its dawning;
And, as in summer's northern night
The evening and the dawn unite, [ing.
The sunset hues of Time blend with the soul's new morn-

I sit alone: in foam and spray,
Wave after wave
Breaks on the rocks which, stern and grey,
Beneath like fallen Titans lay, [cave.
Or murmurs hoarse and strong through mossy cleft and

What heed I of the dusty land,
And noisy town?
I see the mighty deep expand
From its white line of glimmering sand,
To where the blue of Heaven in bluer waves shuts down!

In listless quietude of mind,
I yield to all
The change of cloud, and wave, and wind,
And passive on the flood reclined,
I wander with the waves, and with them rise and fall.

But look, thou dreamer!—wave and shore
In shadow lie;
The night-wind warns me back once more,
To where my native hill-tops o'er
Bends like an arch of fire the glowing sunset sky!

So, then, beach, bluff, and wave, farewell!
I bear with me
No token stone nor glittering shell,
But long and oft shall Memory tell
Of this brief thoughtful hour of musing by the sea.

AMESBURY, 7th mo. 10th, 1843

TO AN INFANT DAUGHTER.

BY —— WOODHOUSE, THE STOCKING WEAVER.

Sweet blue-eyed cherub! in my prayers for thee,
I have not asked for beauty, yet thou'rt fair;
And as for wealth—thy lot is poverty:
Nor do I wish much gold to be thy share.
May Heaven protect thee from the villain's snare,
And give thee virtue and a prudent mind!
Long may thy cheek the rose and dimple wear,
With breath as fragrant as the vernal wind.
Oh, may to thee the liberal arts be kind!
Nor be thou Fortune's scorn so much as I!
And let thy heart to those firm precepts bind,
Which will not fail to lift the soul on high.
My cherub! if enough of these be given,
Thee and the rest I leave to judging Heaven.

Miscellany.

From Graham's Magazine for August.

THE POST-OFFICE.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

(*Concluded.*)

But our readers are not yet acquainted with all the reasons of poor Rosy's eagerness for a letter. It was not only that she might know her brother's fate, but she had learned, by her last despatch from Dennis, that Master Edward's health was rapidly declining, and Dennis said, if the poor young man died—"God forgive him for writing the same"—before Thomas sailed, he—Dennis—should go out in the ship with him. Rosy had no doubt that the Thomas O'Moore mentioned among the passengers in the wrecked ship, from Liverpool, was really her brother. It had sailed sooner than Dennis had anticipated, and her reason told her there was scarcely a chance that he was in her, but on that chance hung all her happiness. A longer interval than had before elapsed between his letters had now passed, and, if he were not in the fated ship, she felt sure of finding a letter, from him, in the Clifton post-office. Sure, when a great good is at stake, with what fearful rapidity the mind calculates chances! how rapidly the pendulum vibrates!

Rosy pursued her walk for three miles, without passing a human habitation. She then passed near the comfortable farm-house of an eastern settler. The wife of the proprietor was a city-bred lady, from one of the Atlantic States, but, in common with her poorer neighbors, she had to suffer the inconveniences of a new country residence. Her husband was absent, and she too expected letters, and now called Rosy in, to ask her to inquire for her. "I will give you a half dollar," she said, "for it may be a double letter." Rosy took the half dollar, and promised to execute the commission. As she left the house, the possibility that she too might have a double letter, occurred to her, and, though the poor little love-token—the English shilling*—was of inestimable value, it would not be so rated by the postmaster. Rosy paused. "I will ask Mrs. Johnston to lend me the money—how can I, she a stranger?—yes I will." She retraced her steps, and proposed to the lady the possible contingency of there being a double letter for herself, and none for Mrs. Johnston. "In that case, ma'am," asked Rosy, hesitatingly, "might I just borrow a bit of your money?"

"Certainly—yes—but stop a moment"—it can't be, she said to herself, poor people never write double letters—my purse is very low—there is no saying when Mr. Johnston will be home—every penny counts—"no, my girl," she concluded aloud, "you will have no occasion for my money, I am sure; I am sorry I can't oblige you, but, if you find no letter for me, I had rather you would bring my half dollar back;" and when Rosy turned away, her face dyed with disappointment and mortification at having made the request; the mistaken lady thought, "it was was well I refused her. *She'll* have no double letter, and then the money would have been taken for something else, and I should not have been the wiser. The Irish have always a lie ready."

"Man's inhumanity to man,
Makes countless thousands mourn."

Oh, what a pity that life should be marked by wasted opportunities of small kindnesses! Striking occasions and great deeds fall to the lot of few, but the humblest has every day an opportunity to do some little favor—to speak a kind word, or forbear a harsh one—to cheer with a smile, or withhold a frown; to do something in virtual obedience to the blessed command, "bear ye one another's burdens."

If recording angels do wait on men's deeds, it is over the blank pages, we fancy, that most tears are dropped. Mrs. Johnston turned to her affairs quite unconscious of the wrong she had done, for the Irish were out of the pale of her sympathies; and our little friend pursued her way, stopping only once to rest by the road-side, where she took Dennis's last letter from her bosom, and read it over, for the hundred thousandth time, with smiles and tears. She arrived at Clifton, half an hour after the eastern mail had come in. The arrival of the mail, in a country town, is the great event of the day; but no where does it produce such a sensation as in one of our western settlements, for there are members of families newly sent out from their birth-places, their fibres still trembling with the disruption from the parent stock—there are exiles from the old world, too, their pulses still answering to every beat of the old heart at home—there are the most anxious speculators, and there—if there be any gradations on this scale—the greediest politicians. The Clifton post-office was in one extremity of a large "store," whose proprietor was postmaster. There were two entrances to this semi-civilized establishment, one large door from the main street—"Broadway"—and the other a narrow door, from a narrow side street, little used; the great flux and reflux being through the main door. Rosy fell into a tide entering here. Her heart beat quick with fear and hope, and she began, as she afterwards said, to feel a choking, as if there was a whole loaf of bread in her throat. She was unconscious that she was stared at on the right hand, and on the left, and quite indifferent to the audible exclamations which her beauty called forth. The "store" was already full of people, all men; for our chary womankind do not reckon it a feminine service to go to the post-office, being afraid, as one of their witty punsters once said, of seeming to "run after the *males*!"

The great men of Clifton (Clifton has its great men) were gathered round a table, on which Peter Smith, the postmaster, was depositing the newspapers, letters, and parcels, as he drew them from the deep abyss of the great leathern bag. The postmaster was a man of short stature and spare body, with a weazel face, and eyes glowing like a rat's. He felt the importance of holding the wheel of destiny for the community of Clifton—of being the oracle to announce the voice of the divinities at Washington—the herald of all news, foreign and domestic, and the medium of all the good and evil tidings that came to Clifton. Some people are said to have the gift to see into a millstone. This was nothing to Peter Smith's gift to see into a letter—to read it by managing the key of its superscription. But this required time. Champolion could not read hieroglyphics at a glance. The letters to the chief dignitaries of Clifton were thrown down on the table and caught up at once, but missives to humbler persons were fingered, viewed, reviewed, while Peter Smith thought to himself, or murmured to a village gossip, as he threw one after another down, "Slam has got his answer from the land office, at last—short and *not* sweet, I can tell him! Ah, news from the scamp Laffin!" and then a chuckle; "the widow will have another chance!"

By this time, a little boy had made his way to the table and asked bashfully, "if there was any letter for grandf'er?"

"Grandfather! who's your grandfather? Oh, I know—Anson Valet—wait a minute—yes—where is your money for the postage?"

The little fellow drew nearer, and frightened by being observed, he dropped his head and hesitated—

"Speak out; have you got the money or not, shaver?—a cash article, a letter at this post-office."

"Grandf'er is sick, sir, and he has not got any money left; but we expect there's some in that letter from father, sir."

"You and grandf'er must take it out in expectation, my lad, this is a single letter—marked so, and I'm sure of it—they can't cheat me," he continued, fingering the letter, "if they do the downeasters. It will keep till called for, my boy; there are fifty others there to keep it company; waiting till their owners can get money to pay for them."

The poor child's tears dropped on the floor, and, losing his bashfulness, in stronger feelings, he said, "I *know* there's a bank-bill in it, for father promised to send it."

A gentleman who had taken half a dozen franked letters from the table, with a score of newspapers, was awaiting the change of a half dollar; his attention was arrested by the little boy's tremulous voice, and compassionating his hard case, he said to Peter Smith, "Give the poor child his letter, and let the balance of my half dollar pay for it."

"Oh, thank you, sir," said the boy, as he took the letter. "But I *know* the bill is in it—won't you please to open the letter, sir, and see?"

The gentleman broke open the letter, and, to the infallible Peter's infinite mortification, the bank-note was there.

"I knew father would send it," said the boy in a tone of irrepressible exultation. "Wont you please to take the money out of it, sir, that you paid for the letter?"

"No, my little fellow, carry the note home unbroken to your 'grandf'er;' I have got my money's worth."

* All our readers may not know that an English shilling is about twenty-five cents.

Could one pierce into the sacred treasury in the heart, one might see how much richer the gentleman was by his spent money, than Mrs. Johnston by the same sum saved!

All this while our poor little friend Rosy was an impatient and most attentive observer. While she modestly waited for an opportunity to approach the postmaster, without pushing her way through the crowd that surrounded him, she looked with fear and dismay at the masses of newspapers, fearing that her poor little letter, if she had one among them, would share the fate of the needle in the haymow. It so happened that the member from Clifton county had been making a speech in congress, on the bankrupt law, and that he had forwarded to his constituents not less than fifty newspapers containing this precious effusion, and half as many letters to his particular friends, filled with the gossip of Washington. There were a few papers of the best order, and any number of Atlasses, Transcripts, Suns, and Heralds, beside some roods of Brother Jonathans and New Worlds. After these had been, for the most part, delivered, and the crowd ebbed, Rosy approached the table, and modestly inquired if there were any letter for the O'Moores; but now the postmaster was lost in the politician. A hot discussion was begun on the bankrupt law, in which all were interested as parties, or creditors of parties, and Rosy repeated her inquiry thrice, before she was listened to, and then Peter Smith replied crabbedly, "Can't you wait a minute, child?" and grumbled, "pests!—these Irish!" Rosy did wait five minutes at least, endless minutes they seemed to her, for she had the weight of her own anxieties, and the burden of her poor mother and sick brother on her spirit. She then said "It's my mother, sir, would thank ye to look if there's a letter for Rosy O'Moore, or any of her people?"

Smith either did not, or affected not to hear, till a person who stood near interposed, saying "It's too bad, Smith; I'll look over the letters myself for the poor girl if you don't." Peter turned pettishly round, and shuffling over a parcel of letters, he paused at one—

"That's mine!" exclaimed Rosy, involuntarily, as she recognized the hand at the first glance at the superscription. She blushed at the sound of her own raised voice, and extended her English shilling, her "love-token," her hand trembling with eagerness—

"Not so fast, sweetheart," said Peter; "this is a double letter, and so you must double your money to get it."

"Double my money!" said poor Rosy; "indeed, sir, I cannot—I have not another penny—and it's six miles I have walked for this same, sir."

"And you must walk six miles back without it, if you can't pay the price of it. No cash, no letter, is the rule here, everybody knows;" and he was turning to replace the letter in the grave of a pigeon-hole, when Rosy laid hold of his arm.

"For the love of Heaven, sir, said she, "give me the letter; my old grandmother at home is perishing for news from Thomas, her youngest, that was wrecked in the Nancy."

"And this letter comes from Tommy, from the bottom of the sea, does it?"

"It comes from one who may give us news of him," said Rose, with dignity, the color again mounting into her cheek, which had become deadly pale at the thought of losing the letter. "Oh, please, sir, let me look at the outside of it."

Peter Smith vouchsafed to permit her to take the letter into her hand. The superscription was in Dennis's well-known hand—a fine, legible character—

"Miss Rose O'Moore—Clifton post-office—Illinois—United States of America."

"Can't you read it—it's plain as print," said Peter Smith. Rosy's eye did not read, it devoured every letter, and tear after tear dropped upon it. The good-natured man who had interposed to procure the letter, was now fumbling in every pocket, and turning his purse inside out, to make up her deficit, but in vain; there is many a man of substance in our western States, who has not money to pay a letter's postage. "It is too bad," he said, "I see this going on here every day. Here comes this cavern of a mail bag, filled with all manner of trash; speeches not worth a groat, and letters worth less, brought all the way from Washington, with the frank of some poor devil of a congressman, who had better be planting potatoes at home. Why should his letters be free, and these poor emigrants pay a quarter of a dollar for a single sheet? who are thirsting for a word of news from their old homes—who, in their hard toil, and hard fare, look forward to a letter to cheer and sustain them; who think of it by day and by night, and when it comes—their manna in the wilderness—it is loaded with a postage they cannot pay; an unrighteous, infamous tax it is."

"Well! is that my business?" asked Peter.

"No—but it is the fault of our congressmen, who spend their time in party squabbles, in doing harm and undoing good, instead of working for the benefit of the people who pay them. Year after year we have a report in favor of the reduction of postage, and there is the end of it—not a finger is stirred to remove the burden. It makes my blood boil to see these newspapers brought here for three cents each from New-York and Boston, big enough, some of them, to cover a prairie, and in multitudes like the plague of frogs; and here this poor child cannot get a letter her heart is breaking for, without paying fifty cents—tell your friends to print their letters, my girl! Ah, these politicians shall answer for these heart-wrenches, man by man; there are no accounts with double consciences—no open books with congressmen; they must answer as fathers, brothers, and sons, for this permitted wrong."

Rosy, who had but half heard and half understood this philippic, started forward, saying, "Oh, pray, sir, let me have the letter with me; I'll leave my cloak and bonnet for a pledge." She untied them both, and threw them on the table. "Sure, to you, they are worth more than the letter."

"It's against the rule," replied Peter, somewhat softened, "to take anything but cash."

"But I'll bring the cash, indeed I will; the Kellys are coming in one fortnight, and then surely I'll bring it."

"Oh, yes, no doubt—the *Kellys* are always coming—I'll keep the letter safe for you, child, till their arrival—hand it over."

We have noticed that there was a small door, which entered the shop from a narrow street on one side of the building. At the moment Rosy threw down her hat and cloak, there appeared, at that door, a traveler, just arrived in Clifton. His dress had that air of comfort and adaptation which is rather characteristic of the old country; and he had the robust frame and high colored cheek that marks the recent comer from a healthier land than our new countries. He had paused on the door-step, and was regarding the scene with an interest very unlike that of a careless stranger. Rosy's back was toward him, but at every word she spoke his color brightened, and his eye flashed fire at Peter Smith's command to "hand the letter over." And when to this Rosy replied, vehemently, "That will I never—ye may keep the hat and cloak forever—but the letter ye shall never touch again!" She turned to escape with her treasure—her eye met the stranger's—she shrieked—he sprung forward, and caught her in his arms. With both her arms clasped around his neck, (this was not a moment for any consciousness but the blissful one of the presence of her lover,) Rosy held her head back, as if to assure herself of the reality of the vision, and then murmuring, "It *is* you, Dennis—it *is!*" her head fell back on his bosom, and there she laughed and cried irrepressibly. There was not a dry eye on one of the hard faces about her; and it was afterward averred that even Peter Smith was betrayed into a little snuffling sympathy.

The zealous advocate of the postage reform seemed the first to recover his self-possession. He gallantly threw Rosy's cloak around her, and offering her hat, he said, in a low tone of voice, "Perhaps, my child, now you have the living letter, you'll leave the written one."

"Sure, I'd like to open it," she replied; "and yet," she added, in a lower voice, to Dennis, "I would better like to get back my love-token—'tis the English shilling you gave me, Dennis, that I paid him." Dennis comprehended, and redeemed the love-token with a crown, desiring the postmaster to reserve the balance for the first poor Irish emigrant who had not wherewith to pay for a letter.

We part with our friends at the dawning of bright day. Dennis had brought news of Thomas's safety. He was already in New-York, whither Dennis proposed to convey Rosy and her family. Master Edward's tribulations were over. He had left Dennis a legacy which would enable him to establish himself in the art and craft of gardening, in the neighborhood of New-York, where, with Rosy to keep his house, Patrick and Thomas to dig for him, and good old Dame O'Moore to sort his seed, Dennis felt that he had taken for happiness

"A bond of fate,
And made assurance doubly sure."

LEIGH RICHMOND AT HOME.

The following beautiful sketch is from the pen of his daughter:

"It was ever the first wish of my beloved father, that our home should be happy; and he was never so well pleased as when we were all sitting around him. Both in our childhood and youth, every innocent pleasure was resorted to, and all his varied attainments brought into exercise, to instruct and amuse us. He was the sun of our little system, and from him seemed to be derived the light and glow of domestic happiness. Like the disciple, whose loving spirit I have often thought my dear father's resembled, his motto was, 'Little children love one another:' and he taught this more effectually by example than even by precept. Religion was unfolded to us in its most attractive form. We saw that it was a happy thing to be a Christian. He was exempt from gloom and melancholy, and entered with life and cheerfulness into all our sports.

"But we should not have been thus happy in domestic affection, had not our beloved father so carefully trained us in the religion of Jesus Christ. This was his chief concern, his hourly endeavor. He did not talk much with us about religion, but the books, studies, and even amusements, to which he directed us, showed us that God was in all his thoughts, and that his great aim was to prepare his children for heaven. Religion was practically taught in all he said and did, and recommended to us, in his lovely, domestic character, more powerfully than in any other way. He had a thousand winning ways to lead our infant minds to God, and explain to us the love of the Saviour to little children. It was then our first impressions were received, and though, for a time, they were obscured by youthful vanities, they were never totally erased; he lived to see them in some instances, ripened into true conversion. It was his custom, when we were very young, to pray with us when alone; he used to take us by turns into his study; and memory still recalls the simple language and effecting earnestness, with which he pleaded for the conversion of his child. I used to weep because he wept, though I understood and felt little of his meaning; but I saw it was all love, and thus my earliest impression was associated with the idea that it was religion which made him love us so tenderly, and that prayer was an expression of that love. I was led in this way to pray for those who were kind to me, as dear papa did.

"In conversation he did not urge the subject of religion *directly* on our attention, or question us much as to our personal experience of it. He has sometimes regretted this, and called it his infirmity; but I think he adopted a more successful plan. He used to watch over us most cautiously, and express his opinion in writing; we constantly found letters in our rooms, with directions to think and pray over them. Reproof was always conveyed in this way; and he also took the same method of questioning us on experimental religion, and of beseeching us to become more decided for God. Sometimes he required an answer, but, generally, his own request was, that we would 'spread his letter before the Lord, and think over it.'

"His reproofs were inexpressibly tender. He was never angry with us, but when we displeased him, he showed it by such a sad and mournful countenance, that it touched us to the very heart, and produced more effect than any punishment could have done; for we saw that it was our dear father who suffered the most. In this way he gained such an ascendency over our affections, that none of us could feel happy if his smile was withdrawn, and all regarded that smile as a rich reward.

"I cannot express the veneration and love with which he was regarded by every one of his children. With an understanding of the very first order, a mind elegantly refined and polished, and feelings of the most delicate susceptibility, he had a heart overflowing with most intense affection towards each of them, which was shown by daily and hourly attention of the most winning nature; and they found in him not only a counsellor and instructor, but a companion and bosom friend. They clung to him, indeed, with an almost idolatrous fondness. Each of my brothers and sisters will agree with me in the sentiment of dear Wilberforce, (it was one of my brother's remarks a little before he closed his eyes upon his weeping parent,) 'when my heart feels too cold to thank God for anything else, it can thank him for giving me such a father.' He was the spiritual as well as the natural father of that dear boy, and I trust others of his children are thus bound to him by a tie strong and lasting as eternity itself.—Surely the world does not contain a spot of more sweet and uninterrupted domestic happiness than Turvey Rectory presented before death entered that peaceful dwelling."

FATHER MATHEW.

The following is from the correspondence of Mr. Thurlow Weed, now in Europe:

Mr. Walsh hastened with me to the good Father's temperance rooms, where his secretary informed us that the prelate did not leave until half-past six o'clock in the afternoon, and was expected at the rooms at two o'clock. At that hour I called again with Mr. Walsh. A large number of people were assembled, waiting to take the PLEDGE. In about ten minutes Father MATHEW arrived. When introduced as an American, he gave me both hands, cordially and kindly, and expressed much regret that he was compelled to leave home so soon.

The people, of both sexes, old and young, who were there to receive the pledge, knelt around the reformer, who, in the most persuasive and affectionate voice and manner, enjoined upon them a life of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. They rose with joy and gratitude beaming from their eyes, received their certificate and medal, and went their way rejoicing. I looked upon this scene with deep emotion, and would not exchange the luxury of feeling it inspired for a view of the proudest pageant Europe can present.

Dismissing these people, Father Mathew entered warmly into conversation about America. Informing him that Bishop Hughes was my fellow-passenger, he took my arm and started immediately for the hotel, to pay his respects to the bishop, and remained with us for an hour.

The portraits we have of this excellent man are so faithful, that had I met him accidentally in the street, I should have recognised and spoken to him as "Father Mathew." I say that I *should* have *spoken* to him, because there is so much of gentleness and benevolence—so much to admire and love—in his face and form, that you could not pass him. I have never seen so many of the bright and beautiful virtues as bloom and blend in this good man's heart, displayed and revealed in the "human face divine."

At six o'clock last evening, Father Mathew left for Liverpool, York, and London, where he has engagements. This is, I believe, his first temperance visit to England.

We learn from the same writer that Father Mathew does not intend to visit this country at present.

THE LUCK OF AN OLD SAILOR.

Some inquiries were made a few days since, by Samuel Kellogg, Esq. of Hartford, at the request of the British consul, for the whereabouts of one Edward Benson. The person sought for, turns out to be an old tar, living in the town of Wethersfield, Connecticut; who, on hearing of the anxiety respecting him, made a visit to Hartford, to ascertain why he, an old sailor, poor and unknown, should be inquired for through the public press.

The New Haven Times says the result was, finding that he was entitled to a pension from the British government of nineteen guineas a year, since 1823, and six guineas a year extra, for wounds; making upwards of two thousand four hundred dollars now due him, with an income for life of twenty-five guineas a year. This was of course glad news to him, for he was very poor, with a family of ten children. He was pressed into British service from an American whale ship, and served under Lord Nelson; was in several battles—at Trafalgar among others—and received, in different actions, four or five severe wounds, so that on two occasions he was laid up in Woolwich hospital for months. He is now seventy-four years of age, a hale and hearty old man, contented and of good cheer, with many of the characteristics of his craft.—*Evening Post*

THE HEN AND KITTENS—AN EXTRAORDINARY FACT.

A few weeks ago I was at the residence of Mr. Barney, pastor of the Congregational church, in Seekonk, Rhode Island. He invited me into a little shed, and there showed me a very extraordinary example of animal instinct. It was a hen bringing up a liter of *four kittens*. In all respect, so far as they could receive it, she gave them the same attention as she would her own brood. She scratched vermin and other things for them; called them to partake; she clucked for them, and brooded over them night and day, as they had need. It is true, they could not enjoy the food thus offered to them, neither could they follow her in her wanderings, as chickens would do.

The little things lived as do other kittens, by sucking their real mother puss. They obtained this privilege by the assistance of friends, or in the occasional absence of the hen. When the hen was present, puss could not come near her kittens, for though she was much stronger than the hen, yet she shrunk, as many larger animals do, from her noisy threats.

Occasionally, in the absence of the hen, puss would come and steal her kittens, and carry them by the neck to another place, to oversee them herself. But very soon the hen would find them, and take possession of them as before.

You are doubtless all inquiring how this happened. I asked the same question, and was told that puss had her nest near the hen while she was sitting upon her own eggs. When the cat first left her kittens alone, the hen hearing their infant voices, probably supposed them to be her own. She therefore left the nest, with her eggs unhatched, and took possession of the nest of kittens. Having first *pitied*, she next *loved* them, and continued to watch for their welfare.

FOR HOUSEKEEPERS AND FARMERS.

Dried Tomatoes.—Cut the tomatoes open, spread them on pans, and dry them in a moderately warm oven. When perfectly dry, pack them away in some dry place, and they will be good to cook in the winter.

Shoe Blacking.—Mash ripe elder berries with your hand, in a large kettle of water, and set them in the shade a few days. Strain and wring them through a coarse cloth, and then boil them slowly, till they are of the consistence of molasses. A small quantity put on the shoe with a feather, and rubbed smartly with a brush, will give a fine gloss. They likewise make good writing ink.

Horse Flies.—Flies will not alight for a moment on anything bathed with pennyroyal This simple remedy ought to be in every livery stable, and country inn. It would save horses and cows a great deal of suffering.

Charcoal as a Fertilizer.—We have been astonished at the enormous increase of the wheat crop in France within the last eight or ten years, and have devoted some attention to the investigation of the subject. It appears that charcoal—an article that can be obtained here for a tithe of its cost in France—has been very extensively used, and with marked effect, in fertilizing the wheat lands of that kingdom. A correspondent of the New Farmers' Journal, an English print, states that during a sojourn in one of the central departments of France, he learned that some of the most productive farms were originally very sterile; but that for a number of years their proprietors had given them a light dressing of charcoal, which had resulted in a large yield of wheat of an excellent quality. Since his return to England he has tried the experiment upon his own lands with the same happy effect. The charcoal should be pulverized, and sown like lime, after a rain, or a still, damp day. Even in England, the writer says, "the expense is a mere trifle, in comparison with the permanent improvement effected, which on grass is truly wonderful." He states one other very important result from its liberal use. "I am quite satisfied that by using charcoal in the way described, *rust in wheat will be entirely prevented*; for I have found, in two adjoining fields, one of which was coaled, and the other manured with farm-dung, the latter was greatly injured by rust, while that growing in the other was perfectly free from it."—*Buffalo Com. Adv.*

Effects of Culture.—The almond, with its tough, corraceous husk, has been changed, by long culture into the peach, with its beautiful, soft, and delicious pulp; the acrid sloe, into the luscious plum: and the harsh, bitter crab, into the golden pippin. Attention to nutrition has produced quite as marked changes in the pear, cherry, and other fruit-trees; many of which have not only been altered in their qualities, and appearance, but even in their habits. Celery, so agreeable to most palates, is a modification of the apium graveolens, the taste of which is so acrid and bitter, that it cannot be eaten. Our cauliflowers and cabbages, which weigh many pounds, are largely developed coleworts, that grow wild on the seashore, and do not weigh more than half an ounce each. The rose has been produced by cultivation, from the common wild briar. Many plants may be modified with advantage by suppressing the growth of one part, which causes increased development of the other parts.

Miscellaneous Items.

Life and Death of a Miser.—The Carlisle (Penn.) Repository narrates the history of a miser thus:

"Mr. B. is of German extraction. His father left him a valuable farm of five hundred acres, in the vicinity of York, with some farming and household articles. He kept a tavern for a number of years—married a wife, and raised four children. He accumulated an immense estate, which he preserved so tenaciously, that he never gave a dollar for the education of his family. He was never known to spend one dollar for any article he might need; he would either do without it, or find some person who would barter with him for something he could not conveniently sell for money. He farmed large, and kept a large distillery, which he supplied entirely with his own grain.

He kept a team for the conveyance of his whisky and flour to Baltimore; which, when he could not sell for money at a price to suit him, he bartered for necessaries for his family and tavern. In this way, he amassed an estate worth $400,000. He never was known to lend or credit a dollar to any man. Upon the best mortgage or security that could be given, he would not lend a cent. He never vested one dollar in the public funds. Neither would he keep the notes of any bank longer than till he could get them changed. He deposited his specie in a large iron chest, until it would hold no more He then provided a strong, iron-hooped barrel, which he also filled. After his death, his strong boxes, from whose bourne no traveler had ever returned, yielded two hundred and thirty thousand dollars, in gold and silver.

The cause of his death was as remarkable as the course of his life. A gentleman from Virginia offered him $11 per bushel for ten bushels of cloverseed; but he would not sell it for less than $13, and they did not agree. The seed was afterwards sent to Philadelphia, where it sold for $7 per bushel, and fifty dollars less than the Virginian had offered for it. On receiving an account of this sale, he walked through his farm, went to his distillery, and gave various directions to his people. He then went to his wagon-house, and hanged himself."

[A venerable friend has given us his reminiscence of a case somewhat similar, which occurred in the city of Philadelphia. A covetous man, of miserable appearance, presented himself in court to prosecute a suit against a neighbor, because his little daughter had taken a peach from the limb of a tree which extended from the plaintiff's garden over that of the child's father. The magistrate dismissed the action; whereupon the plaintiff asked to be allowed his costs; this being refused, he went home, and on that night hung himself. It was found that he had hoarded up $30,000.]

Punishment of Roguery.—It has been truly said that knavery is almost always its own punishment, as virtue is its own reward. This is well illustrated in the following fact, (says the Mercantile Journal,) which is related as having occurred in Boston market a number of years ago. A woman who had brought some light pounds of butter to market, had the good luck to sell them all but one before the clerk of the market came about; when she perceived the officer of justice, she began to dread the fate of her last roll. However, iniquity is fertile in expedients; she thought it did not want more than two ounces to make a pound, and therefore, as the clerk approached, she squeezed two dollars in the roll to make it the right weight; the clerk came, weighed the butter; *it was still too light*; he threw it into his basket, dollars and all, and stepped away.

Chinese Blind Children.—Two interesting little girls, whose names are Eliza and Jessie Gutzlaff, have reached the Institution for the blind at Columbus, Ohio, where they will remain for several years, to be educated. They are very cheerful, and healthy looking children, and have all the peculiar characters of the Chinese physiognomy and expression. They appear to be much delighted with their new home and friends; and all who have become acquainted with them, have been pleased with the propriety of their manners, their affectionate dispositions, and the shrewdness of their remarks and conversation. They are intelligent quite beyond their years. They have already been taught to read, while under the care of Mrs. Gutzlaff, in China, and run their fingers over the pages with as much facility as the blind pupils generally. These two children are provided for by private means—the oldest, Eliza, by a friend in Ohio; the youngest, Jessie, by a friend in New-York; for five years at the Ohio Institution. *N. Y. Plebeian.*

Tigers.—The Singapore, East India Free Press of the 23d of February has the following:

Four men, since our last, have been taken off by the same tiger which killed a convict on Wednesday. A small tiger and tigress were killed on Monday. The tigers are more than usually ferocious just now, in consequence of the extremely dry and hot weather we have had for some time past. All the pools and small streams in the jungle have been dried up, and the tigers being unable to quench their thirst, are forced to come into the neighborhood of cultivated places, and in their fury they attack the first living object they see, most generally some unfortunate woodcutter, and their taste for human blood having been once excited, they seek every opportunity of gratifying it.

Rev. J. N. Mars, of Salem, Mass. recently traveling from Portland to Bangor, Maine, in the steamboat Huntress, complains that he was not allowed to eat the supper he had paid for, even *after* the other passengers had done, because he happened to be born with a black skin, though filthy drunkards were readily admitted at the first table! It strikes us that this treatment was disgraceful to a *free* State; but the reverend gentleman should think of the negro pews in our churches before he grumbles very loud at such distinctions on steamboats.—*Tribune.*

Cincinnati has increased 2,000 houses and 13,000 inhabitants within three years.

Another Case of Conscience.—There was found, this morning, attached by a string to the knob of the door No. 5 State street, a note addressed to Mr. Wm. F. Harnden, of which the following is a *verbatim et literatim* copy:

"Mister harndin i took this watch from a house in winter street god forgiv me i have confessed i want to giv it back i dont know the house it had a black beed chane on it but I put it in the doc you restord som property before and i think you will find the person it was sunday after the celibration the dore was open and a lady gist gone out I herd a step abuv and I thank god i toock no more tis the fist time and I wos in licker."

The watch, alluded to above, may be found by its owner at the office of Messrs. Harnden & Co. in Court street.—*Boston Transcript.*

Free Labor Dry Goods.

Manufactured by the American Free-Produce Association.

THE committee on manufactures have adopted a *minor scale of prices*, the average reduction of which is greater, and the plan deemed more convenient, than the proposed deduction of 10 per cent. from the old prices.

Arrangements have also been made to increase the quantity and variety, as well as to improve the quality, of free goods, under the assurance of more liberal encouragement, which we hope to realize.

Articles on hand—Good shirting and sheetings, bleached and unbleached; Manchester and coat ginghams, various qualities, patterns, and prices; apron and furniture check, do. do. do.; table diaper, (birdeye and huckaback,) bleached and brown; thin muslins for linings, brown, bleached, and colored; Canton flannel, brown and bleached; buff pantaloon stripes, fancy do. do. white and black wadding, stockings, half hose, lampwick, cotton yarn, of various numbers, cotton laps or batts, bed ticking, calico, towels, table covers, knitting cotton, &c.

We have also, dress cord, suspenders, garters, &c. &c. Terms cash. Articles wanted in reasonably large quantities may be made to order.

Orders from the country may be addressed to either of the committee—James Mott, No. 36 Church Alley; D. L. Miller, jr. 88 North Front street; Sarah H. Palmer, 33 North Fifth street; or to our wholesale agent, J. Miller McKim, 31 North Fifth street. Housekeepers are requested to call or send their orders to Lydia White, retail agent, corner of Fifth and Cherry streets.

Philadelphia, 4th mo. 13, 1843.

☞ Papers friendly to the cause are requested to copy the above.

JOSHUA C. JENKINS

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends, and the public, that he has taken the old established

TEMPERANCE GROCERY STAND

of Baldwin & Colton, late J. F. Lukens & Co. *Nos.* 244 *and* 244 1-2 *Market street*, south side, above 7th, where he has on hand an extensive assortment of the choicest articles in the line, together with a stock of

FREE LABOR GROCERIES,

all which have been laid in at the lowest possible price for CASH, and will be furnished to families and storekeepers at a very small advance upon the first cost.

Philadelphia, May 4, 1843. 6m.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE REPUBLICATION OF THE

Christian Lady's Magazine,

EDITED BY

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

To be published monthly, at 12 1-2 *cents per number*

Many periodical miscellanies exclusively appropriated for the ladies, composed of light materials, are diffused throughout our country; but a dignified religious magazine, adapted to the female members of the Christian communities, still is requisite. A highly valued work, edited by Charlotte Elizabeth, is published in London; the various topics of which are sterling in value, and permanent in their application; and these are discussed with an animation that renders them highly attractive and beneficial. Whence, the "*Christian Lady's Magazine*" is peculiarly adapted to enliven the hours of female domestic solitude; to spiritualize the affections and the understanding; to sustain faith, hope, love, and patience; and to stimulate obedience, fortitude, zeal, and perseverance; by the encouragement derived from meditation on divine truth, and the examples of those disciples, "who now inherit the promises." Combined with the essays in prose are chants of the sacred lyre, replete with fervid devotion and mellifluous harmony; which aid Christian ladies to warble the song of praise to "the Lamb that was slain," with "melody in their hearts to the Lord;" thus imparting both spiritual wisdom and consolation.

Charlotte Elizabeth, as an author, is extensively known, and highly esteemed in the United States. Although she is very decided in her principles, and unreserved in avowing and defending the truth as she understands and believes it; yet all her writings breathe the same spirit which the apostle Paul manifested in his delightful